MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

MAY NO. 72

10¢

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Do You Want Longer Hair?

MAKE THIS EASY 7-DAY TEST...

FULLY GUARANTEED

LONGER HAIR Dresses Better In Latest Styles

★ ★ ★ THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

...Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off!

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely ... **longer.** The Juelene **SYSTEM** has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, **hair may get longer**—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful **SYSTEM** helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—**in just one short week!** You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.

Marvelous Help FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A women's hair is one of the first things noticed by men—sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and neat. **Try Juelene.** See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"! This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling ... longer hair! Be convinced!—Send for your Juelene NOW.

TEST JUELENE FOR 7 DAYS

Thrilling Results or MONEY BACK IN FULL!

That's all we ask you to do. Just make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen,... if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of delightful results or your money back. Send for it now!

Make This 7-Day Test ...SEND NO MONEY!

JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman $1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft your hair may be in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair.

★ ★ ★ MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL COUPON NOW!

If you do want longer hair, mail the coupon today. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair—lustrous and well-dressed. See how nicely it lies in place, how easily it combs. With our positive guarantee you can't lose, and have everything in your favor to gain. So make this effort now. Send the Introductory Coupon immediately!

INTRODUCTORY COUPON...

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. C-631,
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing $1.00
☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Our Customers Participate in Lovely Gifts

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept C-631, Chicago 13, Ill.

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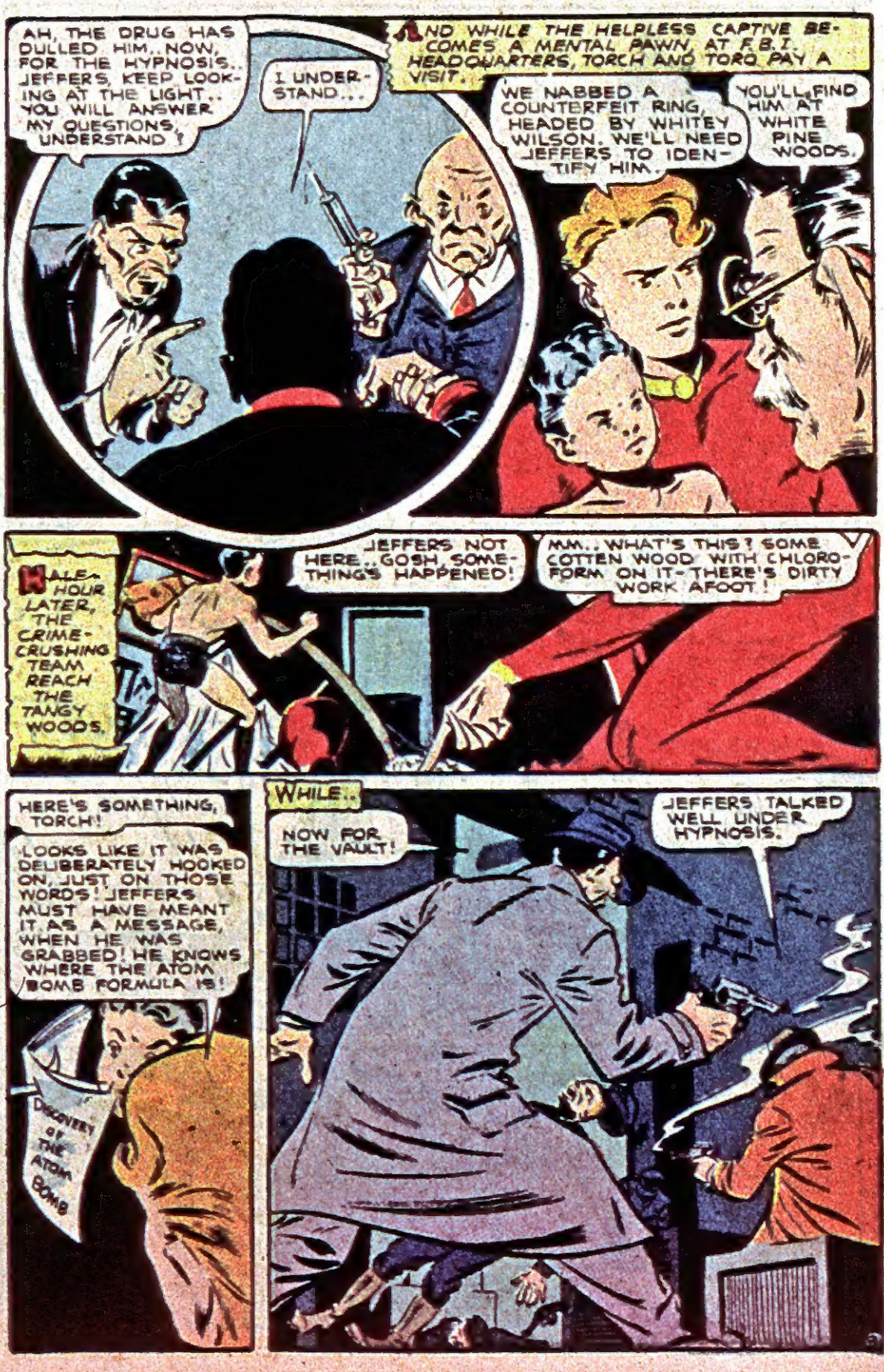
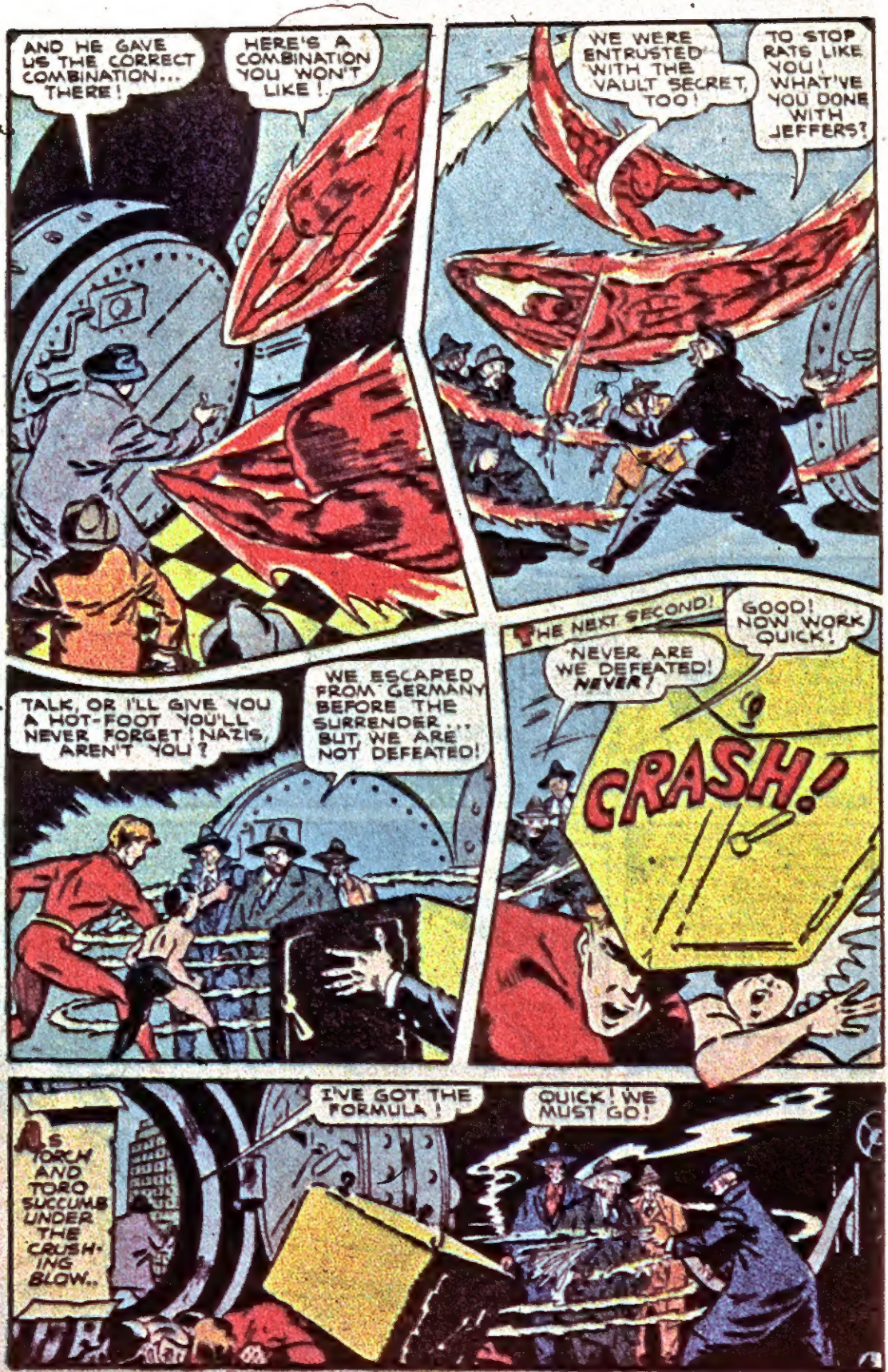
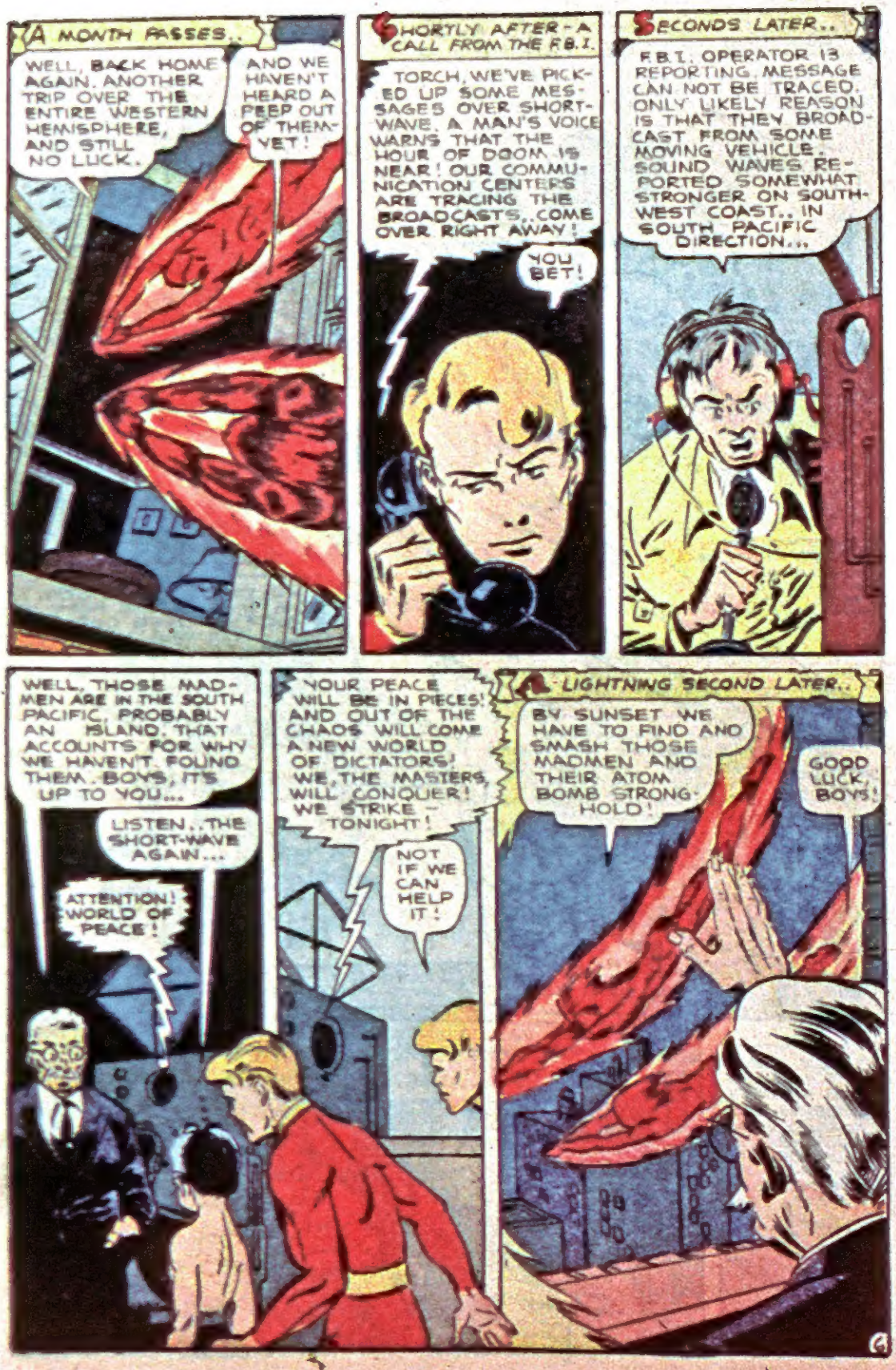
THE ATOM BOMB - FALLING INTO THE DIABOLICAL HANDS OF MEN DRIVEN MAD BY LUST FOR POWER! A WORLD TOTTERING ON THE BRINK OF DISASTER... THOSE DARING BATTLERS AGAINST THE FORCES OF ALL-EVIL - **TORCH** AND **TORO** - ENCOUNTER THE MOST CHALLENGING CASE OF THEIR CAREER, A MIGHTY RACE-WITH-TIME FIGHT TO WARD OFF DEVASTATING DESTRUCTION, AS FIENDISH FOES PLOT A "CONQUEST OF DEATH!"

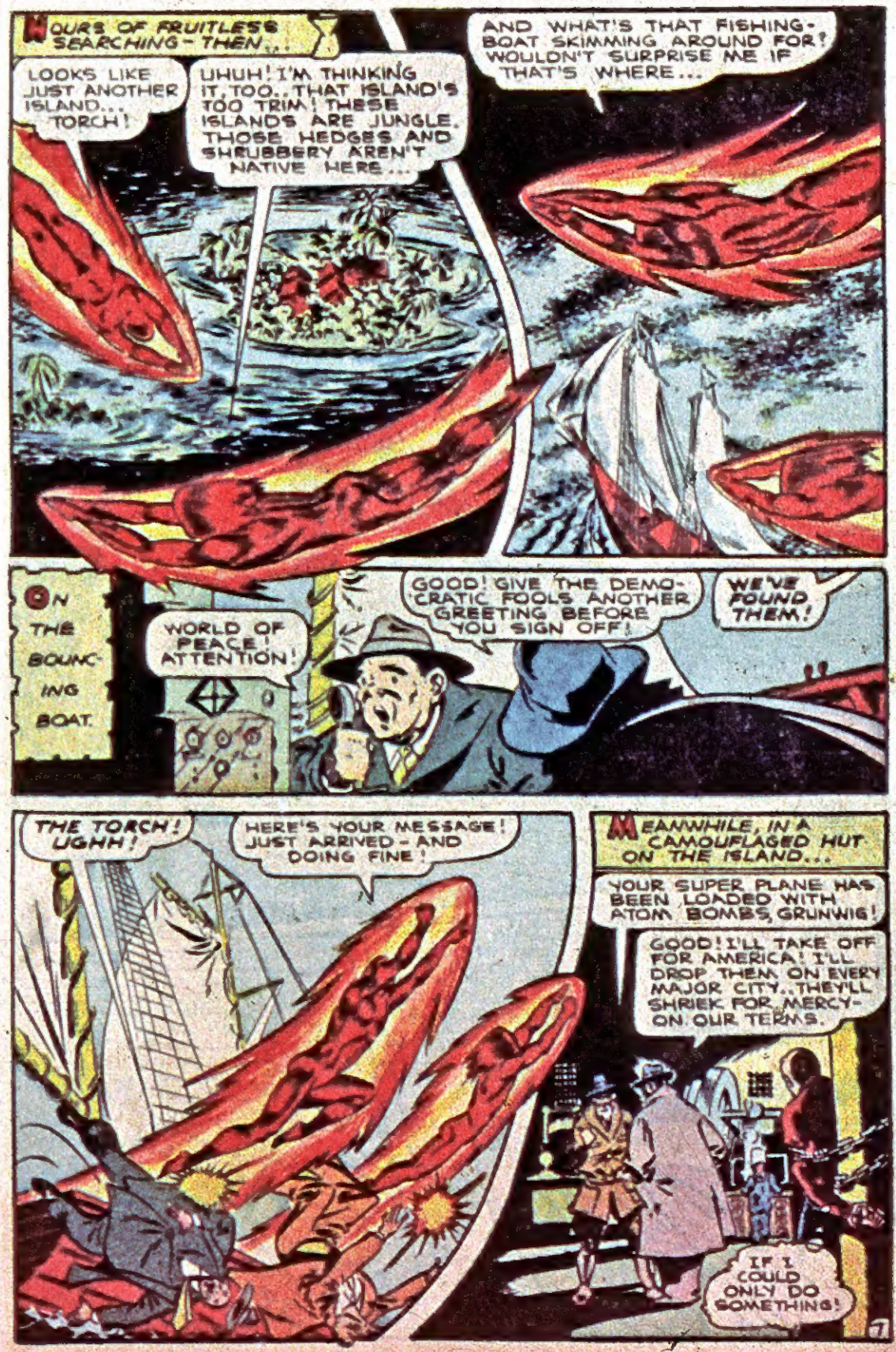
AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...
WE'LL MISS YOU, JEFFERS. BUT YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE THAT 2 WEEK VACATION.
I'LL BE COMPLETELY CUT OFF FROM CIVILIZATION UP THERE IN MY CABIN.
THE FOLLOWING EVENING...
HO HUM...NOW FOR A PIPE AND SOME READING. THEN EARLY TO BED, AND MORE FISHING TOMORROW...
BUT!
DON'T MOVE, JEFFERS, WE HAVE YOU COVERED.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THE ATOM BOMB FORMULA WHERE DO THE AUTHORITIES KEEP IT?
DISCOVERY OF THE ATOM BOMB
THE ATOM BOMB FORMULA! I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS!
YOU LIE! WE KNOW YOU'RE ON THE INSIDE. YOU HAVE THE INFORMATION
YOU'RE COMING WITH US!
CHLOROFORM HIM! WE'LL TAKE HIM TO GRUNWIG!
LATER IN A WATERFRONT HIDEOUT, JEFFERS COMES TO—
NO MATTER HOW YOU TORTURE ME, I'LL NEVER TELL YOU...
SOOO.. WE HAVE OTHER MEANS TO MAKE YOU TALK! NOTHING MUST STOP US THIS TIME FROM BECOMING WORLD DICTATORS... BREMER, THE DRUG! AND THE LIGHT!
AT ONCE, GRUNWIG!

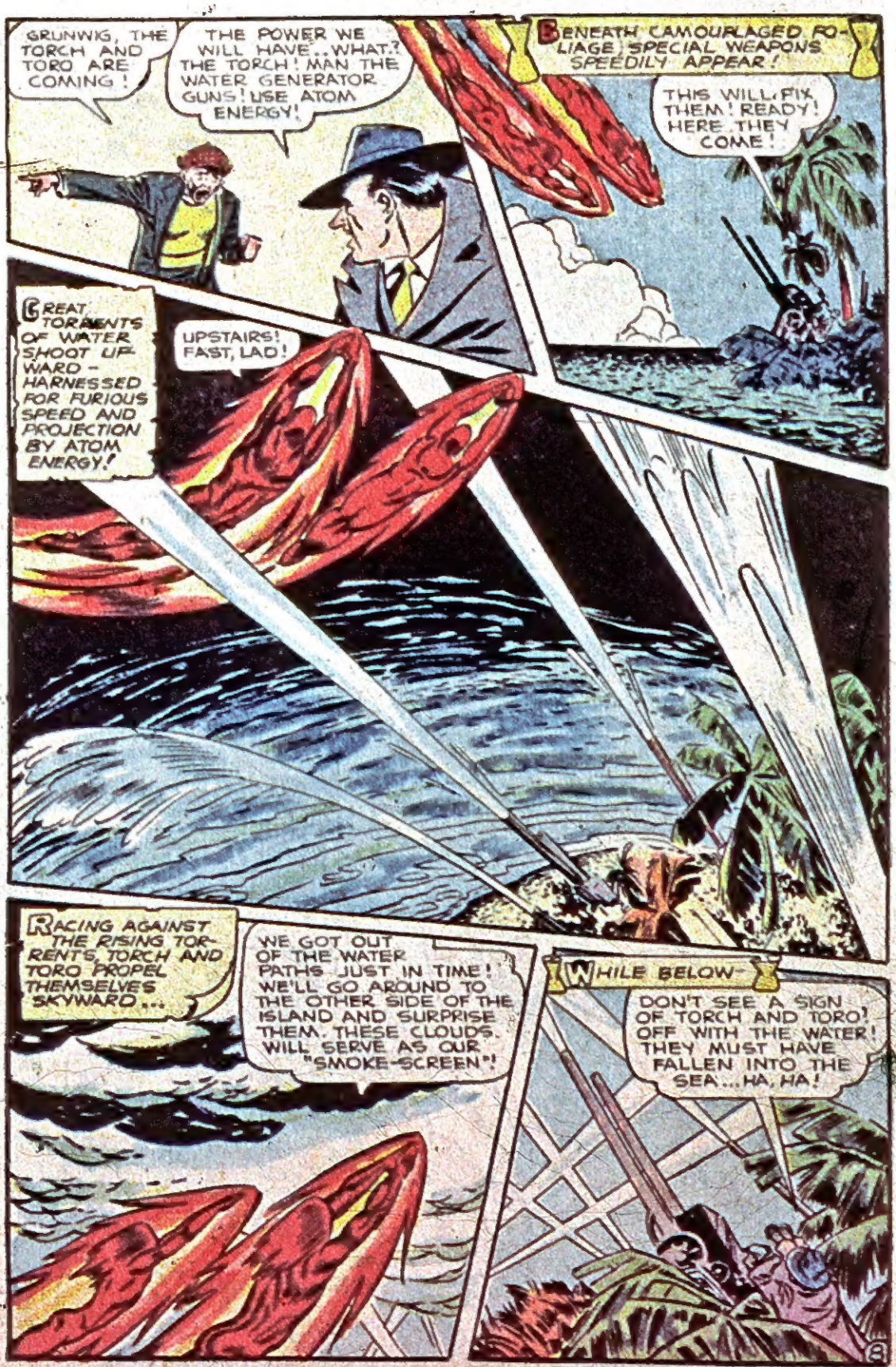

AH, THE DRUG HAS DULLED HIM.. NOW, FOR THE HYPNOSIS.. JEFFERS, KEEP LOOKING AT THE LIGHT.. YOU WILL ANSWER MY QUESTIONS, UNDERSTAND?
I UNDERSTAND...
AND WHILE THE HELPLESS CAPTIVE BECOMES A MENTAL PAWN AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, TORCH AND TORO PAY A VISIT..
WE NABBED A COUNTERFEIT RING, HEADED BY WHITEY WILSON. WE'LL NEED JEFFERS TO IDENTIFY HIM.
YOU'LL FIND HIM AT WHITE PINE WOODS.
A HALF HOUR LATER, THE CRIME-CRUSHING TEAM REACH THE TANGY WOODS.
JEFFERS NOT HERE.. GOSH, SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!
MM.. WHAT'S THIS? SOME COTTEN WOOD WITH CHLOROFORM ON IT- THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT!
HERE'S SOMETHING, TORCH!
LOOKS LIKE IT WAS DELIBERATELY HOOKED ON, JUST ON THOSE WORDS! JEFFERS MUST HAVE MEANT IT AS A MESSAGE, WHEN HE WAS GRABBED! HE KNOWS WHERE THE ATOM BOMB FORMULA IS!
DISCOVERY OF THE ATOM BOMB
WHILE..
NOW FOR THE VAULT!
JEFFERS TALKED WELL UNDER HYPNOSIS.

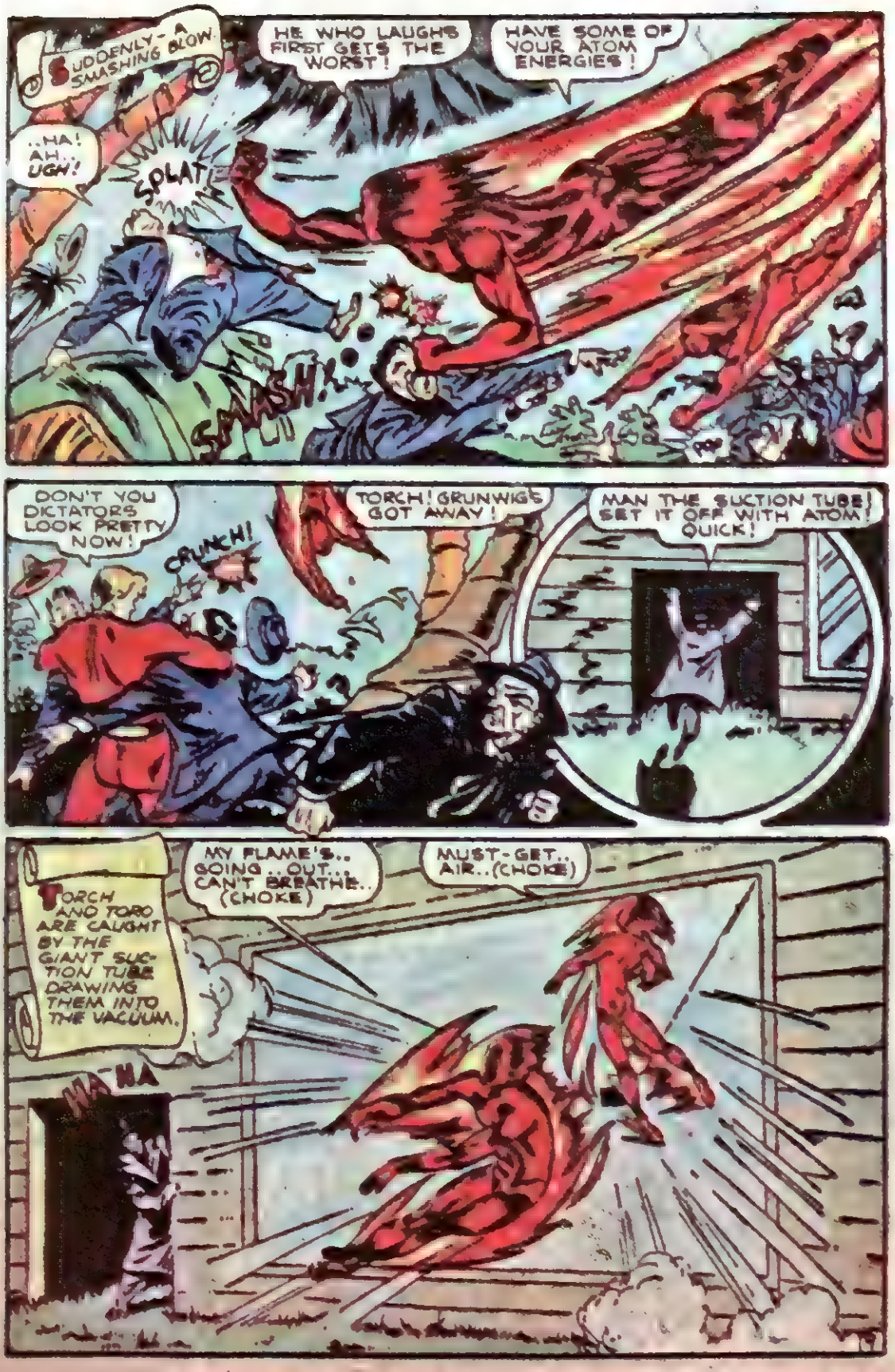

AND HE GAVE US THE CORRECT COMBINATION... THERE!
HERE'S A COMBINATION YOU WON'T LIKE!
WE WERE ENTRUSTED WITH THE VAULT SECRET, TOO!
TO STOP RATS LIKE YOU! WHAT'VE YOU DONE WITH JEFFERS?
TALK, OR I'LL GIVE YOU A HOT-FOOT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET! NAZIS, AREN'T YOU?
WE ESCAPED FROM GERMANY BEFORE THE SURRENDER... BUT WE ARE NOT DEFEATED!
THE NEXT SECOND!
NEVER ARE WE DEFEATED! NEVER!
GOOD! NOW WORK QUICK!
CRASH!
I'VE GOT THE FORMULA!
QUICK! WE MUST GO!
TORCH AND TORO SUCCUMB UNDER THE CRUSHING BLOW..

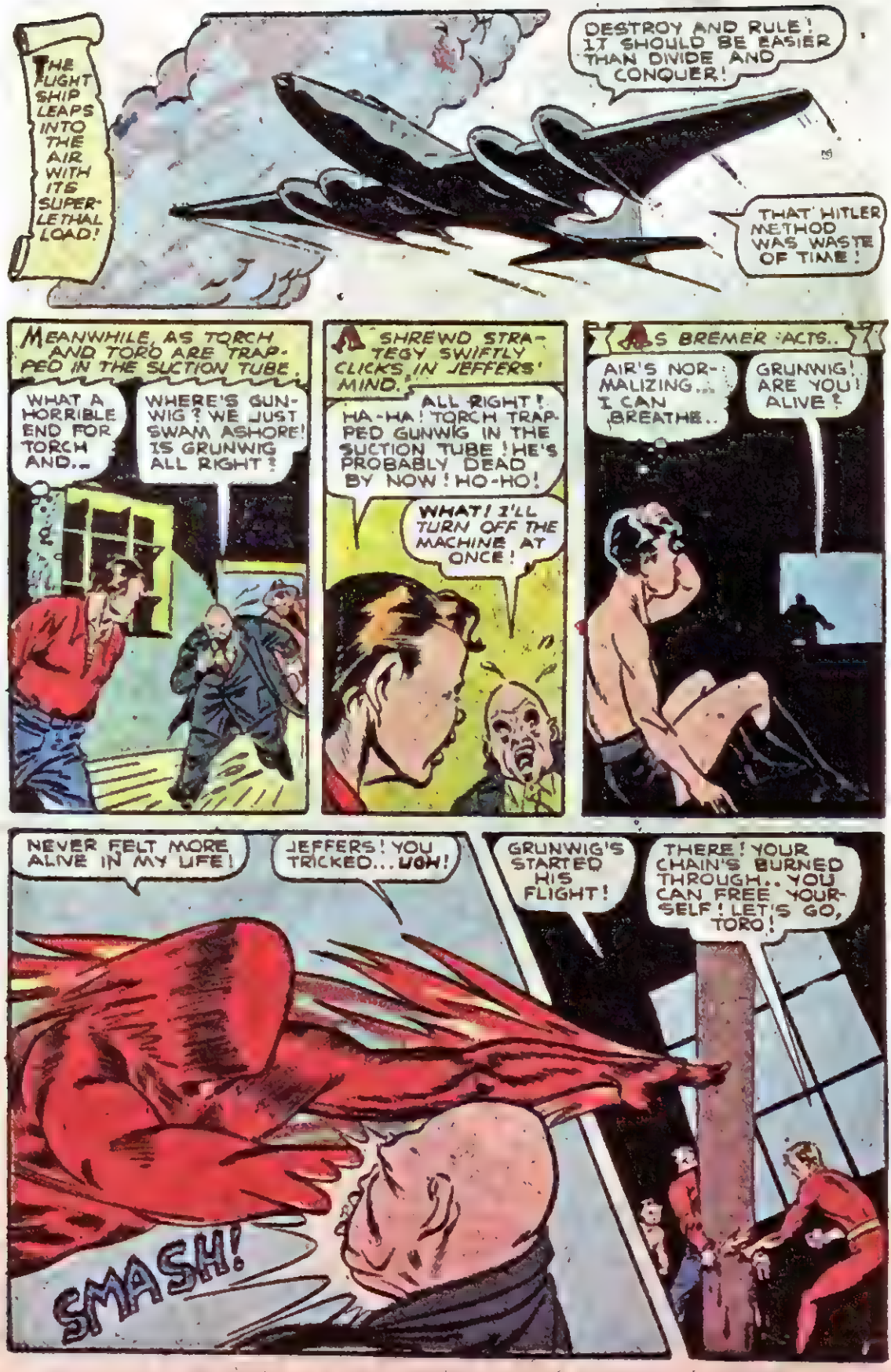
SECONDS AFTER, TORCH AND TORO REVIVE...
THE FORMULA! IT'S GONE!
GOSH, IF THEY START MAKING ATOM BOMBS!
TWIN FLAME-JETS SPEEDILY SPAN THE SKY...
WE'VE LOOKED FOR MILES AND NOT A TRACE OF THEM!
THIS CAN BE THE WORST POSSIBLE TRAGEDY TO CIVILIZATION!
WHILE-AT THE HIDEOUT OF THE DIABOLICAL PLOTTERS...
NO. DEATH IS TOO EASY. HE WILL TORTURE HIMSELF, WATCHING OUR TRIUMPH! HA! HA!
GET EVERYTHING ABOARD THE SUBMARINE. WE WILL START IN FIVE MINUTES. THEN-FROM OUR SECRET STRONGHOLD-WE'LL FINISH OUR GREAT WORK AND BECOME DICTATORS OF THE WORLD!
ALL MY FAULT..
GRUNWIG, SHALL WE SHOOT THE SWINE NOW?
DESPERATE DAYS FOLLOW.
THEY MUST SET UP AN ATOM BOMB FACTORY SOMEPLACE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
WHERE WILL THEY STRIKE? WHEN? I'VE ASSIGNED HUNDREDS OF AGENTS TO THE CASE-EUROPE, EVERYPLACE.
SOON, A DARK PENCIL-LIKE SUB SKIMS UNDERWATER.. LOADED WITH WOULD-BE DICTATORS AND THEIR PLANS FOR DESTRUCTION!


A MONTH PASSES..
WELL, BACK HOME AGAIN. ANOTHER TRIP OVER THE ENTIRE WESTERN HEMISPHERE, AND STILL NO LUCK.
AND WE HAVEN'T HEARD A PEEP OUT OF THEM-YET!
SHORTLY AFTER - A CALL FROM THE F.B.I.
TORCH, WE'VE PICKED UP SOME MESSAGES OVER SHORT-WAVE. A MAN'S VOICE WARNS THAT THE HOUR OF DOOM IS NEAR! OUR COMMUNICATION CENTERS ARE TRACING THE BROADCASTS.. COME OVER RIGHT AWAY!
YOU BET!
SECONDS LATER..
F.B.I. OPERATOR 13 REPORTING. MESSAGE CAN NOT BE TRACED. ONLY LIKELY REASON IS THAT THEY BROADCAST FROM SOME MOVING VEHICLE. SOUND WAVES REPORTED SOMEWHAT STRONGER ON SOUTH-WEST COAST.. IN SOUTH PACIFIC DIRECTION...
WELL, THOSE MADMEN ARE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, PROBABLY AN ISLAND. THAT ACCOUNTS FOR WHY WE HAVEN'T FOUND THEM. BOYS, IT'S UP TO YOU...
LISTEN.. THE SHORT-WAVE AGAIN...
ATTENTION! WORLD OF PEACE!
YOUR PEACE WILL BE IN PIECES! AND OUT OF THE CHAOS WILL COME A NEW WORLD OF DICTATORS! WE, THE MASTERS, WILL CONQUER! WE STRIKE - TONIGHT!
NOT IF WE CAN HELP IT!
LIGHTNING SECOND LATER..
BY SUNSET WE HAVE TO FIND AND SMASH THOSE MADMEN AND THEIR ATOM BOMB STRONG-HOLD!
GOOD LUCK, BOYS!


HOURS OF FRUITLESS SEARCHING - THEN...
LOOKS LIKE JUST ANOTHER ISLAND... TORCH!
UHUH! I'M THINKING IT, TOO.. THAT ISLAND'S TOO TRIM! THESE ISLANDS ARE JUNGLE. THOSE HEDGES AND SHRUBBERY AREN'T NATIVE HERE...
AND WHAT'S THAT FISHING-BOAT SKIMMING AROUND FOR? WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF THAT'S WHERE...
ON THE BOUNCING BOAT.
WORLD OF PEACE! ATTENTION!
GOOD! GIVE THE DEMOCRATIC FOOLS ANOTHER GREETING BEFORE YOU SIGN OFF!
WE'VE FOUND THEM!
THE TORCH! UGHH!
HERE'S YOUR MESSAGE! JUST ARRIVED - AND DOING FINE!
MEANWHILE, IN A CAMOUFLAGED HUT ON THE ISLAND...
YOUR SUPER PLANE HAS BEEN LOADED WITH ATOM BOMBS, GRUNWIG!
GOOD! I'LL TAKE OFF FOR AMERICA! I'LL DROP THEM ON EVERY MAJOR CITY.. THEY'LL SHRIEK FOR MERCY-ON OUR TERMS.
IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING!
7


GRUNWIG, THE TORCH AND TORO ARE COMING!
THE POWER WE WILL HAVE..WHAT.? THE TORCH! MAN THE WATER GENERATOR GUNS! USE ATOM ENERGY!
BENEATH CAMOURLAGED FOLIAGE, SPECIAL WEAPONS SPEEDILY APPEAR!
THIS WILL FIX THEM! READY! HERE THEY COME!
GREAT TORRENTS OF WATER SHOOT UPWARD - HARNESSED FOR FURIOUS SPEED AND PROJECTION BY ATOM ENERGY!
UPSTAIRS! FAST, LAD!
RACING AGAINST THE RISING TORRENTS, TORCH AND TORO PROPEL THEMSELVES SKYWARD...
WE GOT OUT OF THE WATER PATHS JUST IN TIME! WE'LL GO AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND AND SURPRISE THEM. THESE CLOUDS WILL SERVE AS OUR "SMOKE-SCREEN"!
WHILE BELOW-
DON'T SEE A SIGN OF TORCH AND TORO! OFF WITH THE WATER! THEY MUST HAVE FALLEN INTO THE SEA...HA, HA!


SUDDENLY - A SMASHING BLOW
..HA! AH.. UGH!
SPLAT
HE WHO LAUGHS FIRST GETS THE WORST!
HAVE SOME OF YOUR ATOM ENERGIES!
SMASH!
DON'T YOU DICTATORS LOOK PRETTY NOW!
CRUNCH!
TORCH! GRUNWIG'S GOT AWAY!
MAN THE SUCTION TUBE! SET IT OFF WITH ATOM! QUICK!
TORCH AND TORO ARE CAUGHT BY THE GIANT SUCTION TUBE DRAWING THEM INTO THE VACUUM.
MY FLAME'S.. GOING..OUT... CAN'T BREATHE.. (CHOKE)
MUST-GET.. AIR..(CHOKE)
HA HA


THE FLIGHT SHIP LEAPS INTO THE AIR WITH ITS SUPER-LETHAL LOAD!
DESTROY AND RULE! IT SHOULD BE EASIER THAN DIVIDE AND CONQUER!
THAT HITLER METHOD WAS WASTE OF TIME!
MEANWHILE, AS TORCH AND TORO ARE TRAPPED IN THE SUCTION TUBE..
WHAT A HORRIBLE END FOR TORCH AND..
WHERE'S GUNWIG? WE JUST SWAM ASHORE! IS GRUNWIG ALL RIGHT?
A SHREWD STRATEGY SWIFTLY CLICKS IN JEFFERS' MIND.
ALL RIGHT! HA-HA! TORCH TRAPPED GUNWIG IN THE SUCTION TUBE! HE'S PROBABLY DEAD BY NOW! HO-HO!
WHAT! I'LL TURN OFF THE MACHINE AT ONCE!
AS BREMER ACTS..
AIR'S NORMALIZING.. I CAN BREATHE..
GRUNWIG! ARE YOU ALIVE?
NEVER FELT MORE ALIVE IN MY LIFE!
JEFFERS! YOU TRICKED... UGH!
SMASH!
GRUNWIG'S STARTED HIS FLIGHT!
THERE! YOUR CHAIN'S BURNED THROUGH.. YOU CAN FREE YOURSELF! LET'S GO, TORO!

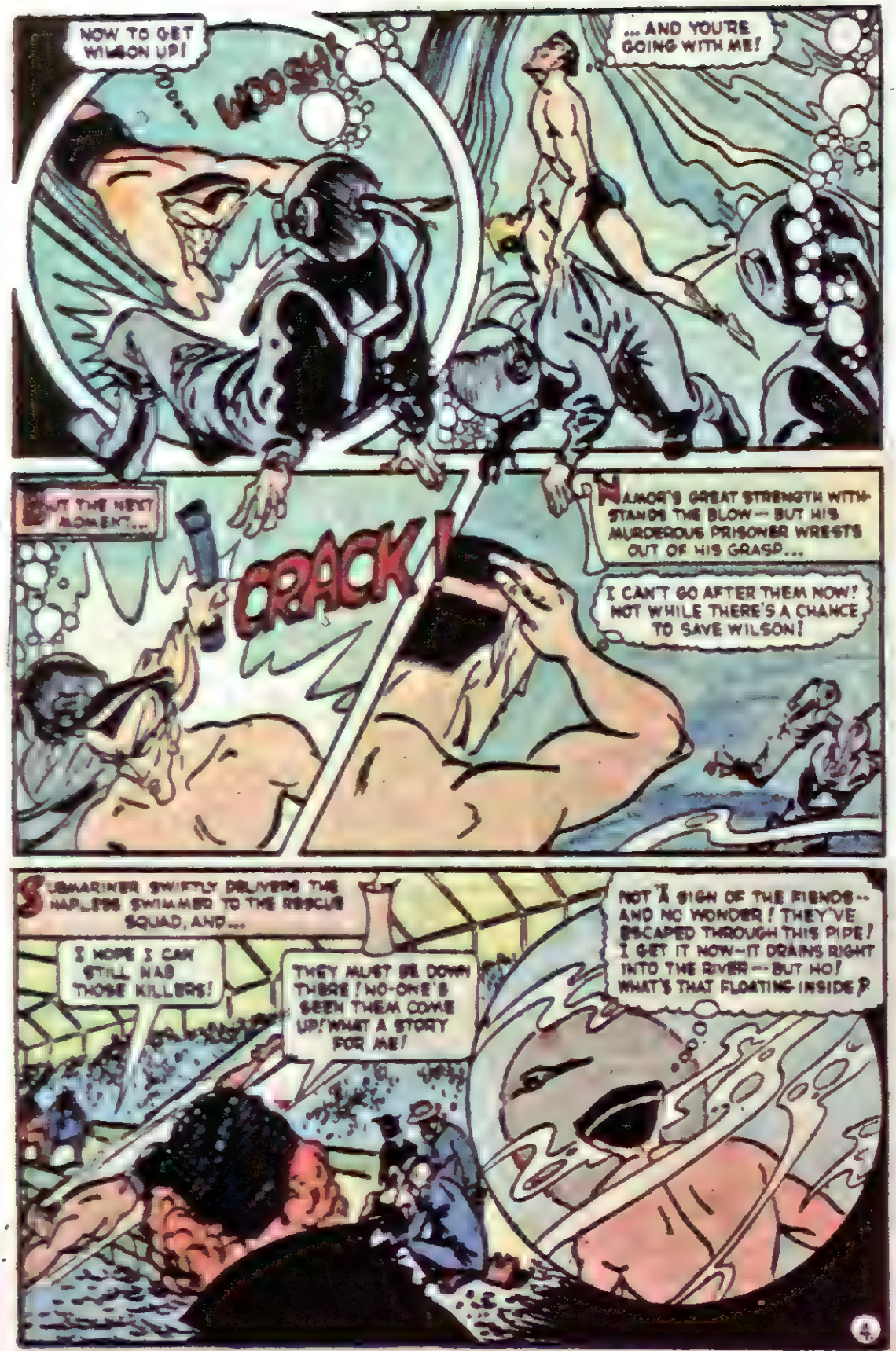
OARING WITH COMET-SPEED, THE DUO OVERTAKES THE DEATH-DEALING PLANE..
TORCH! THERE'RE SOME OF OUR SHIPS!
AND GRUNWIG WITH A LOAD OF ATOM BOMBS! YOU BARGE IN ON GRUNWIG.. I'VE GOT A FAST JOB TO DO- UNDER THE PLANE!
WE'RE NEARLY OVER THE AMERICAN SHIPS! WE CAN DROP ONE ON THEM!
GIVE IT TO THEM!
I'M GIVING! YOU'RE TAKING!
BUT A SECOND LATER, TORO LEAPS IN- TO DELIVER HIS PERSONAL ATOM BOMB!
OOF!
I'LL RELEASE AN ATOM BOMB QUICK!
BOMB BAY (M)
BUT.. TORCH HAS BEEN WORKING FEVERISHLY...
THAT SODDERS THE BOMB-BAY DOOR TIGHT!
THE NEXT MOMENT...
IT'S STUCK! I-I CAN'T OPEN IT!
IT'S YOU THAT'S STUCK!
WAIT, TORO! SAVE HIM FOR ME!
BOMB BAY (M)

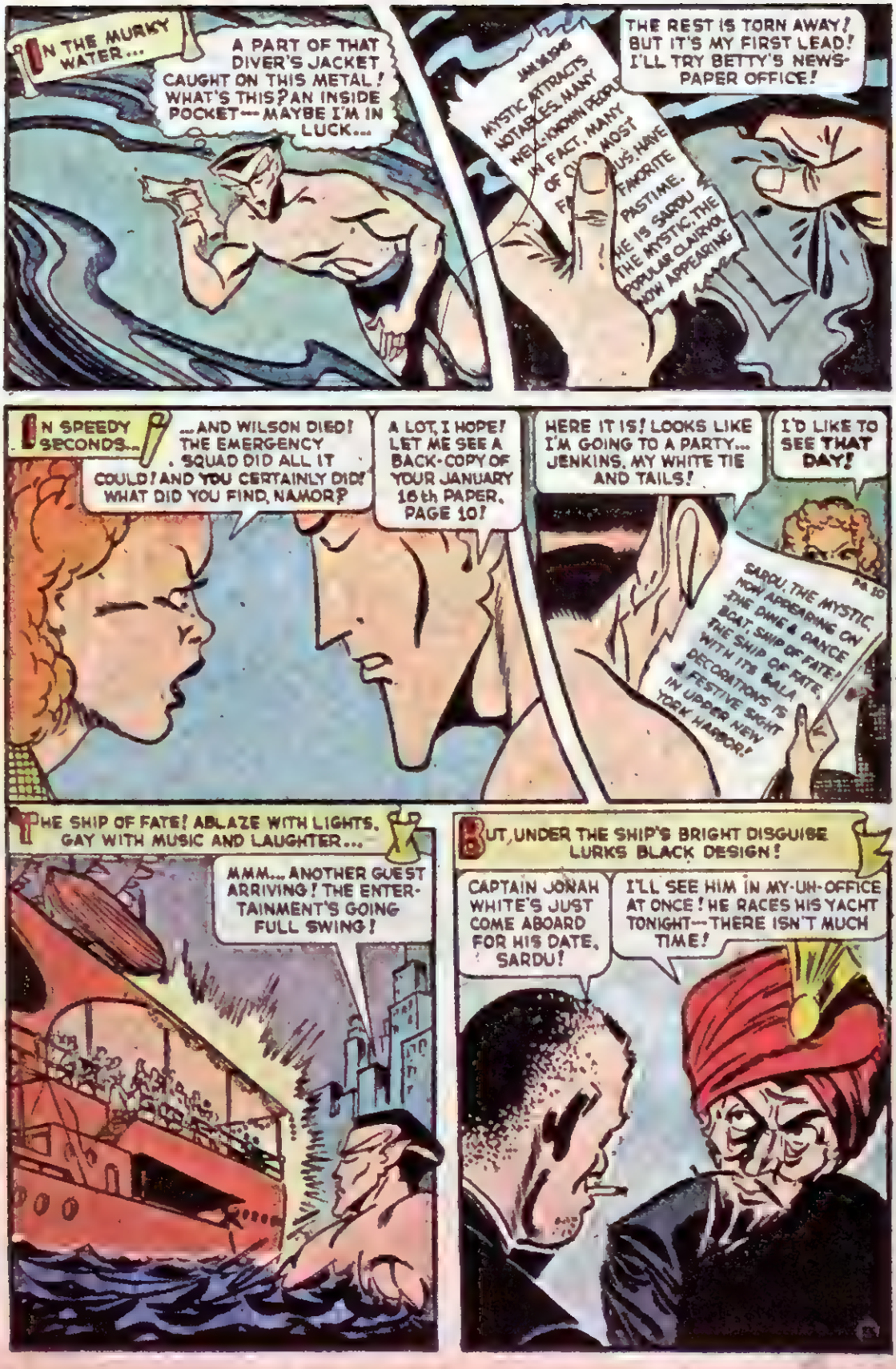
I'VE BEEN ITCHING FOR THIS! YOU TIE THESE BABES UP, TORO! WE'RE GOING BACK TO THEIR ISLAND AND SET FIRE TO THE PLANE!
AFTER WE GET JEFFERS OFF THAT ISLAND, WE'LL BLOW IT UP.. SAY.. WHAT'S THAT PLANE..?
IT'S JEFFERS, HE'S ES-CAPED!
AS OUR FLAMING PALS MAKE THEIR ESCAPE-THE BURNING PLANE CRASHES, AND SHAKES THE EARTH WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR!
GOOD WORK.. THE PLANE CRASHED-AND IT'S ATOM BOMB LOAD DID THE REST!
THOSE DEVILS DESERVED THEIR FATE! MILLIONS OF COURAGEOUS PEOPLE HAVE FOUGHT AND DIED TO MAKE A WORLD OF FREEDOM, AND EQUALITY-AND THAT'S THE KIND OF WORLD WE'VE GOT TO HAVE!
THERE GOES THE END OF ANOTHER "RULE-THE-WORLD" SCHEME!
The END

SUB-MARINER
SLEEP
SLEEP
SLEEP
DR_AM
SLEEP
SLEEP
MORE DEADLY THAN THE MOST VENOMOUS REPTILE! MASTER SUPREME OF CUNNING AND EVIL! SUCH IS THIS ARCH-FIEND OF CRIME WHOM SUBMARINER COMES TO GRIPS WITH IN THE MOST PERILOUS ENCOUNTER OF HIS LIFE—AN ENCOUNTER THAT ALMOST TURNS HIM INTO ONE OF THE EVIL-MAKER'S MANY PAWNS OF DESTINY!
R-79

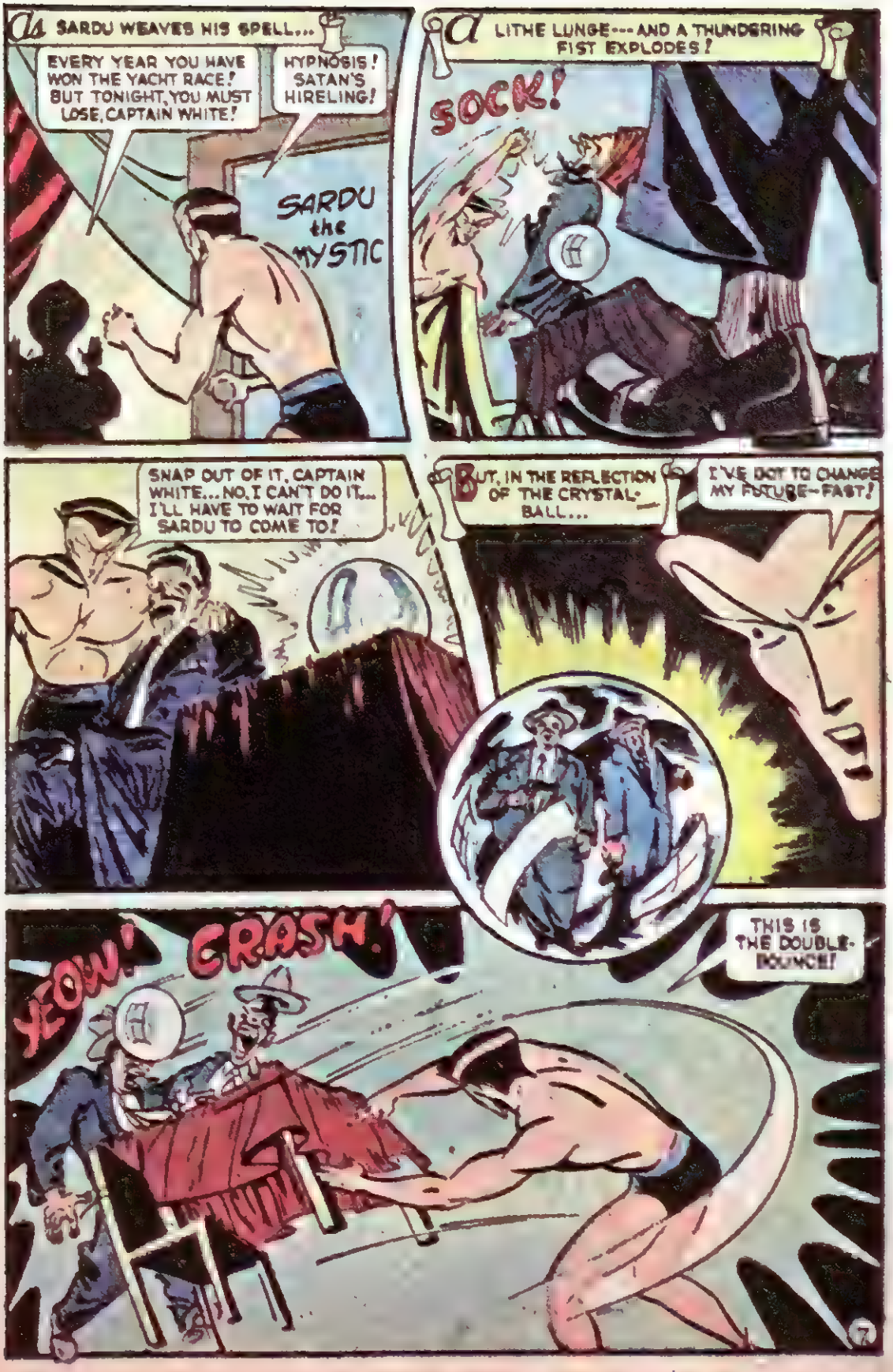
STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN NEW YORK STARTLE THE SPORT WORLD!
BRIGGS--THE EX-CHAMP! HE SURE LOOKED LIKE A WINNER!
AND I BET A GRAND ON HIM!
BATTLER BRIGGS KNOCKED OUT IN 5th ROUND
SAYS HE LOST HIS GRIP--CROWD IN FRENZY AS
NAMOR! WHAT A BREAK MEETING YOU! YOU CAN TAKE ME SOMEWHERE--- AND DON'T SAY 'NO'!
NO THANKS, BETTY! I'M GOING FOR A SWIM, SO RUN ALONG... HERE, BOY, I'LL TAKE A PAPER!
MMM... MORE OF THESE SPORT UPSETS! SOMETHING MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THEM!
DO YOU THINK THE CHAMPS WERE BOUGHT OFF?
NOTED JOCKEY DIES
INJURIES IN TRACK SPILL FATAL
I DOUBT IT--THEY'D MAKE MORE MONEY HOLDING THEIR TITLES! A SWIMMING MEET... SOUNDS INTERESTING... THINK I'LL GO!
BIG SWIMMING MEET TODAY
MARR WILSON, SPEED CHAMP, TO RACE ACE COLLINS
PLEASE CURB YOUR DOG!
THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADED! I'M COVERING THE STORY!
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? COME ON, GAL!
TH--THAT WAS SUBMARINER.

AT A HUGE OUTDOOR POOL, THE CONTESTANTS ARE TENSELY POISED FOR ACTION! THEN...
COME ON, WILSON!
SHOW 'EM, CHAMP!
BANG!
IT WILL HAPPEN IN A MOMENT— WILSON MUST NOT WIN!
A MOMENT LATER, COLD FEAR CHILLS THE CROWD, FOR ONLY ONE SWIMMER COMES UP!
WILSON! WHERE IS HE?
HERE'S WHERE I GO FOR THAT SWIM!
WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A DIVER DOWN THERE!
AND HE'S GOT HOLD OF WILSON! THE DEVIL!


NOW TO GET WILSON UP!
WOOSH!
... AND YOU'RE GOING WITH ME!
BUT THE NEXT MOMENT...
CRACK!
NAMOR'S GREAT STRENGTH WITHSTANDS THE BLOW — BUT HIS MURDEROUS PRISONER WRESTS OUT OF HIS GRASP...
I CAN'T GO AFTER THEM NOW! NOT WHILE THERE'S A CHANCE TO SAVE WILSON!
SUBMARINER SWIFTLY DELIVERS THE HAPLESS SWIMMER TO THE RESCUE SQUAD, AND...
I HOPE I CAN STILL NAB THOSE KILLERS!
THEY MUST BE DOWN THERE! NO-ONE'S SEEN THEM COME UP! WHAT A STORY FOR ME!
NOT A SIGN OF THE FIENDS — AND NO WONDER! THEY'VE ESCAPED THROUGH THIS PIPE! I GET IT NOW — IT DRAINS RIGHT INTO THE RIVER — BUT HO! WHAT'S THAT FLOATING INSIDE?

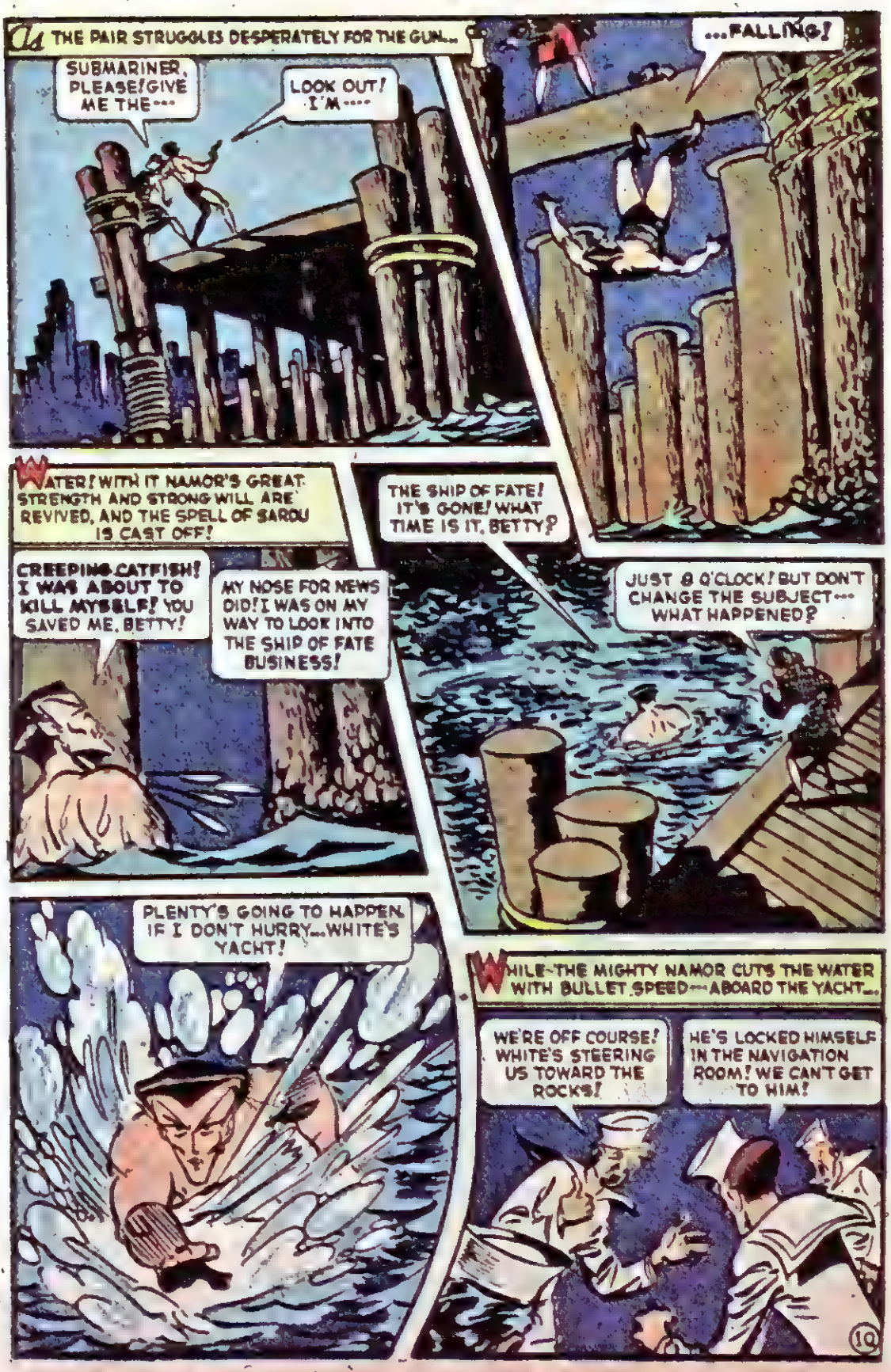

IN THE MURKY WATER...
A PART OF THAT DIVER'S JACKET CAUGHT ON THIS METAL! WHAT'S THIS? AN INSIDE POCKET--- MAYBE I'M IN LUCK...
THE REST IS TORN AWAY! BUT IT'S MY FIRST LEAD! I'LL TRY BETTY'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE!
JANUARY 16th
MYSTIC ATTRACTS NOTABLES. MANY WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE IN FACT, MANY OF OUR MOST FAMOUS, HAVE FAVORITE PASTIME. HE IS SARDU THE MYSTIC, THE POPULAR CLAIRVOYANT NOW APPEARING
IN SPEEDY SECONDS...
...AND WILSON DIED! THE EMERGENCY SQUAD DID ALL IT COULD! AND YOU CERTAINLY DID! WHAT DID YOU FIND, NAMOR?
A LOT, I HOPE! LET ME SEE A BACK-COPY OF YOUR JANUARY 16th PAPER, PAGE 10!
HERE IT IS! LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO A PARTY... JENKINS, MY WHITE TIE AND TAILS!
I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT DAY!
PG. 10
SARDU, THE MYSTIC, NOW APPEARING ON THE DANE & DANCE BOAT, SHIP OF FATE. THE SHIP OF FATE, WITH ITS GALA DECORATIONS IS A FESTIVE SIGHT IN UPPER NEW YORK HARBOR!
THE SHIP OF FATE! ABLAZE WITH LIGHTS, GAY WITH MUSIC AND LAUGHTER...
MMM... ANOTHER GUEST ARRIVING! THE ENTERTAINMENT'S GOING FULL SWING!
BUT, UNDER THE SHIP'S BRIGHT DISGUISE LURKS BLACK DESIGN!
CAPTAIN JONAH WHITE'S JUST COME ABOARD FOR HIS DATE, SARDU!
I'LL SEE HIM IN MY-UH-OFFICE AT ONCE! HE RACES HIS YACHT TONIGHT--- THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!

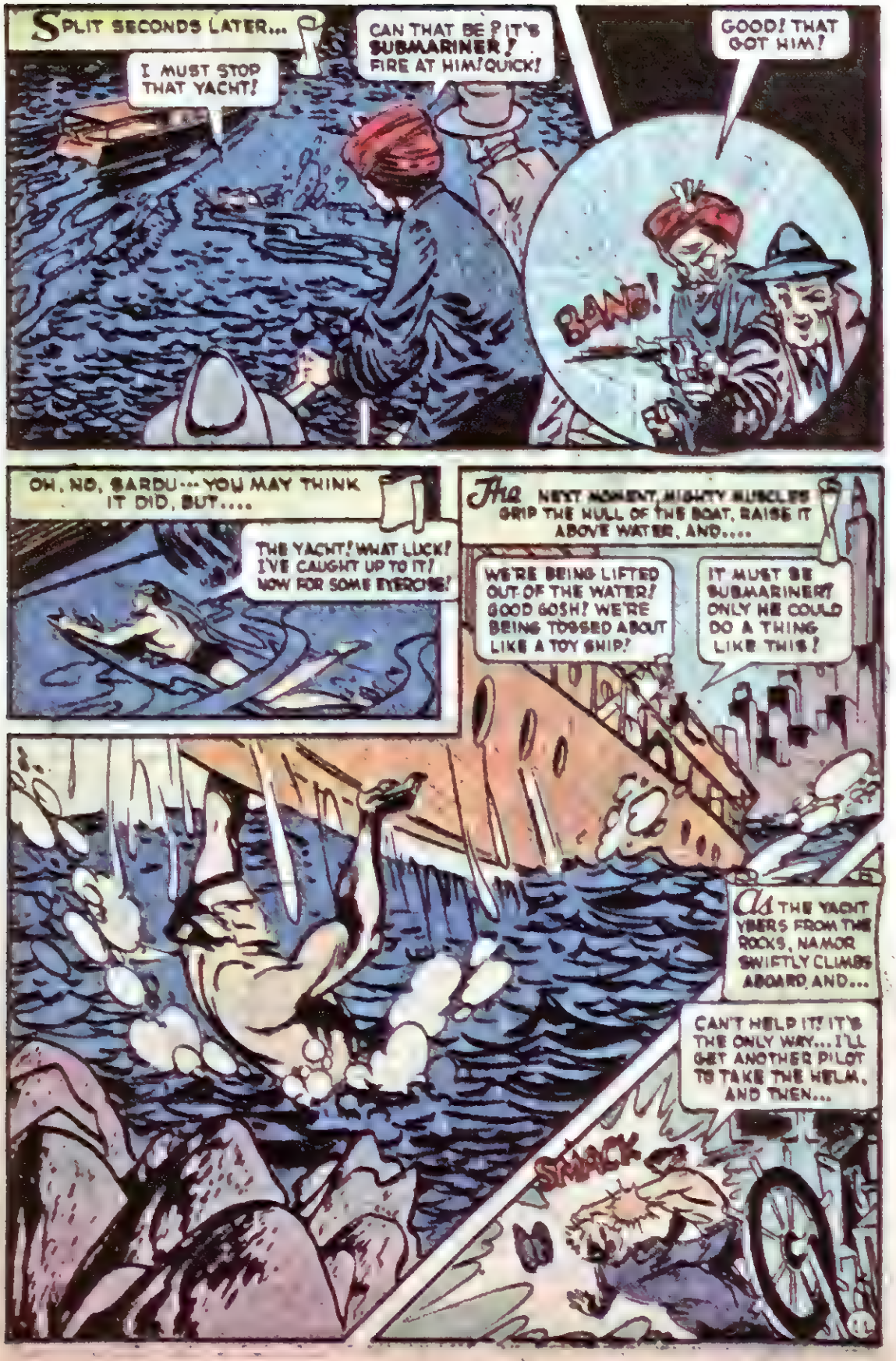
As the mystic hastily leaves...
Our betting syndicate's going to clean up again! Some idea! Covering bets against the favorites and makin' them lose!
Got to hand it to Sardu for usin' the big-shot sport guys who come to see him!
A betting syndicate, huh?
SOCK!
I'm placing my bet-- on your nose!
WHAM!
But while Namor busies himself, more henchmen attack-- from above!
This heavy pipe'll fix him!
A swift powerful motion-- and the Sea Prince returns the threat!
CLANG!
Now to see what that mystic's up to!
While in the cunning mystic's den...
You are asleep, Captain White... asleep... My will dominates you! Obey my command!
I will obey!

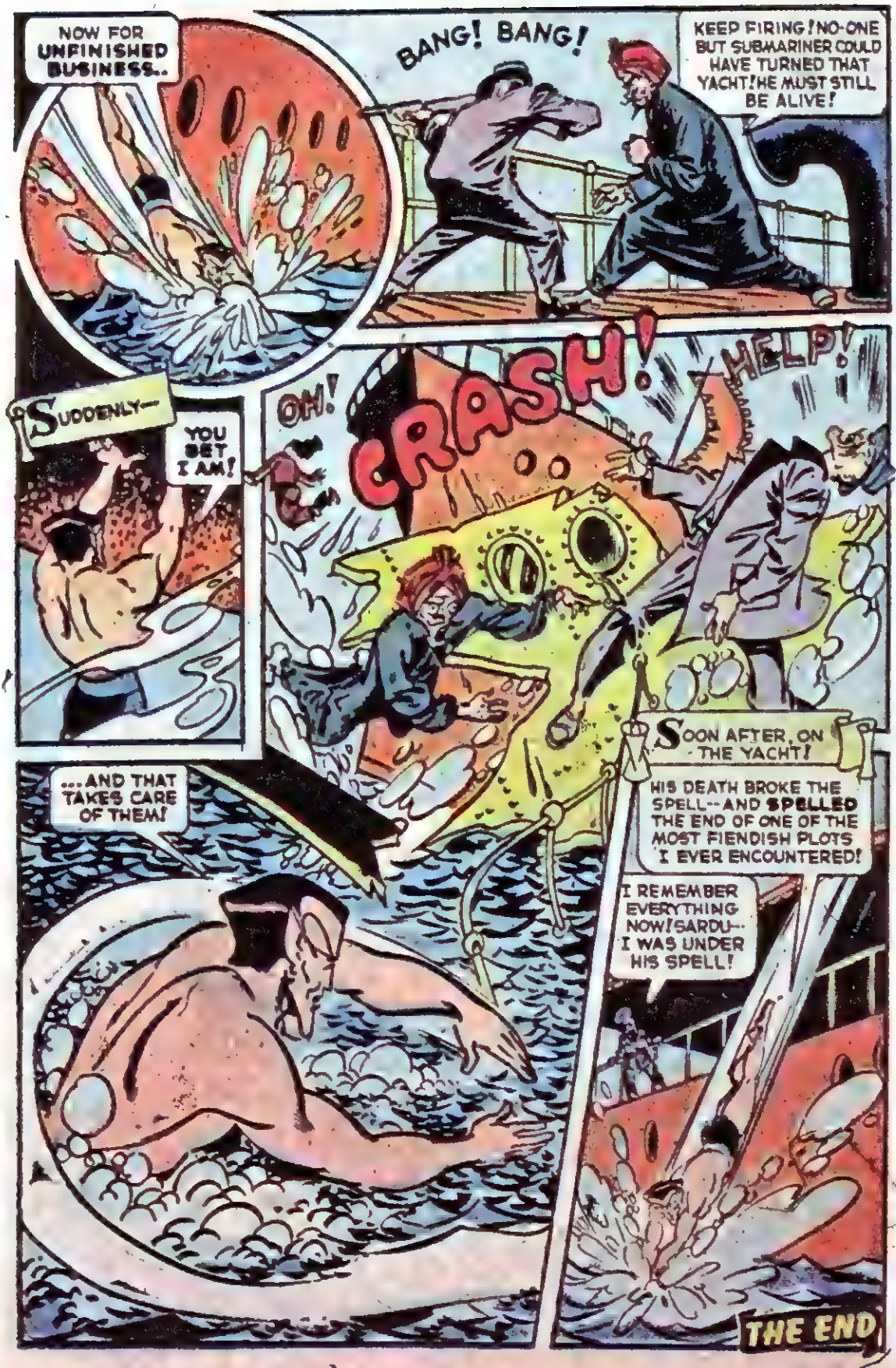

As SARDU WEAVES HIS SPELL...
EVERY YEAR YOU HAVE WON THE YACHT RACE! BUT TONIGHT, YOU MUST LOSE, CAPTAIN WHITE!
HYPNOSIS! SATAN'S HIRELING!
SARDU the MYSTIC
A LITHE LUNGE--- AND A THUNDERING FIST EXPLODES!
SOCK!
SNAP OUT OF IT, CAPTAIN WHITE... NO, I CAN'T DO IT... I'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR SARDU TO COME TO!
BUT, IN THE REFLECTION OF THE CRYSTAL-BALL...
I'VE GOT TO CHANGE MY FUTURE--FAST!
YEOW!
CRASH!
THIS IS THE DOUBLE-BOUNCE!
7

BUT DANGER LURKS! WATCH OUT, SUBMARINER!
I CAME TO JUST IN TIME! THIS BUTTON WILL SET THE STATUES IN MOTION, AND....
OW!
THE GIANT METAL STATUES BEAR DOWN ON NAMOR, SLAMMING FIERCELY INTO HIM!
HEH-HEH! THEY'RE ON ROLLERS! I CONTROL THEM TO GET EERIE EFFECTS! BUT I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D DO SO MUCH GOOD! WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW, WHALEBONES?
OOF
UNDER THE CRUSHING BLOWS AND THE HEAT OF THE LIGHTS, NAMOR'S STEEL-STRONG MUSCLES ARE POWERLESS!
TIE HIM UP UNTIL I'M READY FOR HIM! FIRST, TO COMPLETE MY WORK ON CAPTAIN WHITE!
OH!
A DIABOLICAL HYPNOSIS IS RESUMED!
YOU WILL CRASH YOUR YACHT AGAINST THE ROCKS! IN THE MIDNIGHT RACE CRASH YOUR YACHT AGAINST THE ROCKS... NOW WAKE UP!
FIEND--IF I ONLY HAD MY STRENGTH...
MURDERER? A MERE HYPNOTIST! WILSON HAD TO BE KILLED BECAUSE HE FAILED TO ATTEND A PARTY I HAD ARRANGED FOR HIM! I HAD TOO MUCH AT STAKE, AND HE WOULD HAVE WON! BUT I PREFER MY SUBJECTS TO DESTROY THEMSELVES--LIKE YOU! YES, YOU WILL KILL YOURSELF--BY HYPNOSIS!
HE WILL OBEY--TAKE HIM ASHORE! AND SEE THAT ALL THE OTHER GUESTS LEAVE, TOO! THE PARTY IS OVER---FOR THE GREAT SUBMARINER, TOO--HEH, HEH....
YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IS PRICELESS, MURDERER!

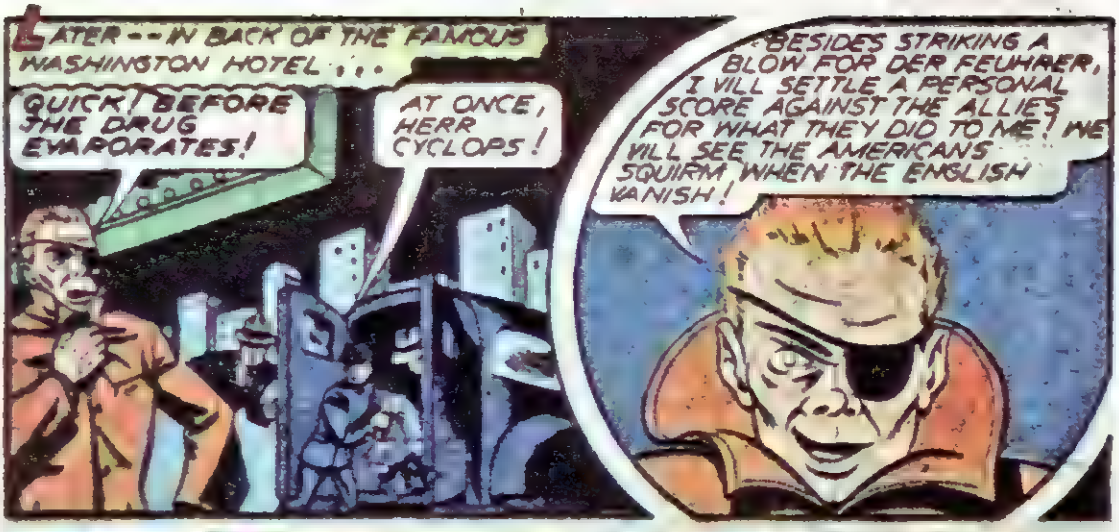
WHEN YOU GO ASHORE, A GUN WILL BE PLACED IN YOUR HAND--YOU WILL RAISE THE GUN TO YOUR HEAD, PULL THE TRIGGER--AND DIE--BY YOUR OWN HAND!
I WILL DIE--BY MY HAND! THE GUN....
ROW HIM ASHORE! HEH, HEH... I CAN SEE THE NEWS--THE GREAT SUBMARINER KILLS HIMSELF! IT WILL BE SENSATIONAL!
And THE ENTRANCED CRIME-SMASHER GOES--TO FULFILL HIS OWN DOOM!
ON SHORE HE IS HANDED THE WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION!
HE'LL DO AS SARDU COMMANDED!
A MINUTE AFTER, A SLIM FIGURE HURRYING TO THE DOCKS SEES A STARTLING SIGHT!
SUBMARINER! WHAT ON EARTH?
I MUST DIE— I MUST...
BETTY MAKES A FRANTIC DASH, AND...
NAMOR! STOP... DON'T!
LET ME GO! I MUST DIE!

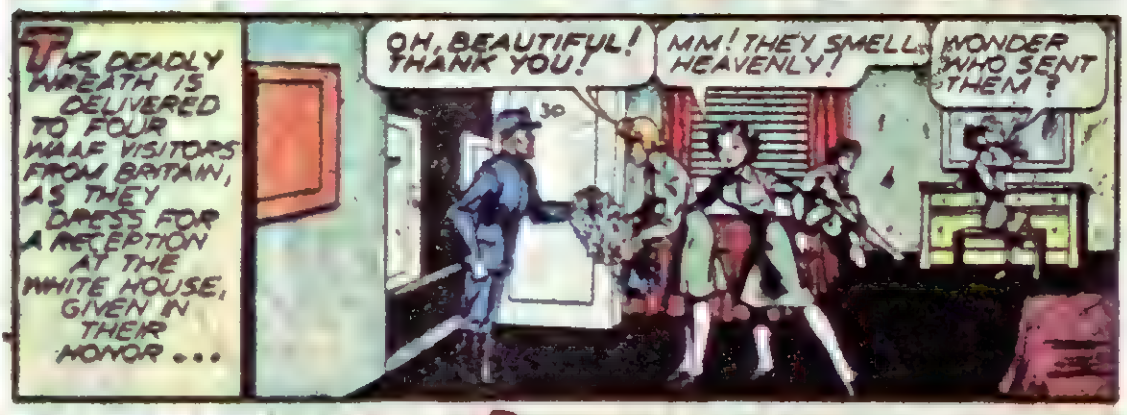

As THE PAIR STRUGGLES DESPERATELY FOR THE GUN...
SUBMARINER, PLEASE! GIVE ME THE---
LOOK OUT! I'M----
...FALLING!
WATER! WITH IT NAMOR'S GREAT STRENGTH AND STRONG WILL ARE REVIVED, AND THE SPELL OF SAROU IS CAST OFF!
THE SHIP OF FATE! IT'S GONE! WHAT TIME IS IT, BETTY?
CREEPING CATFISH! I WAS ABOUT TO KILL MYSELF! YOU SAVED ME, BETTY!
MY NOSE FOR NEWS DID! I WAS ON MY WAY TO LOOK INTO THE SHIP OF FATE BUSINESS!
JUST 8 O'CLOCK! BUT DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT--- WHAT HAPPENED?
PLENTY'S GOING TO HAPPEN IF I DON'T HURRY...WHITE'S YACHT!
WHILE THE MIGHTY NAMOR CUTS THE WATER WITH BULLET SPEED---ABOARD THE YACHT...
WE'RE OFF COURSE! WHITE'S STEERING US TOWARD THE ROCKS!
HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE NAVIGATION ROOM! WE CAN'T GET TO HIM!
10

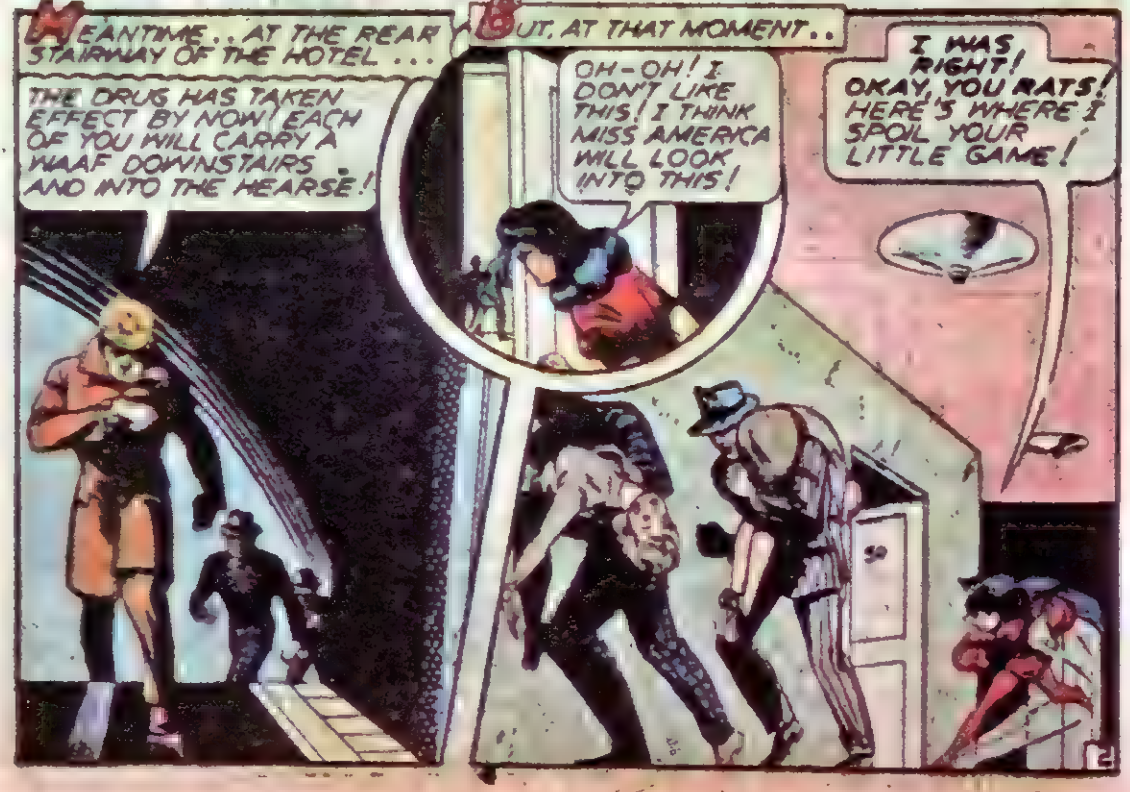

SPLIT SECONDS LATER...
I MUST STOP THAT YACHT!
CAN THAT BE? IT'S SUBMARINER! FIRE AT HIM! QUICK!
GOOD! THAT GOT HIM!
BANG!
OH, NO, BARDU--- YOU MAY THINK IT DID, BUT....
THE YACHT! WHAT LUCK! I'VE CAUGHT UP TO IT! NOW FOR SOME EXERCISE!
The NEXT MOMENT, MIGHTY MUSCLES GRIP THE HULL OF THE BOAT, RAISE IT ABOVE WATER, AND....
WE'RE BEING LIFTED OUT OF THE WATER! GOOD GOSH! WE'RE BEING TOSSED ABOUT LIKE A TOY SHIP!
IT MUST BE SUBMARINER! ONLY HE COULD DO A THING LIKE THIS!
As THE YACHT VEERS FROM THE ROCKS, NAMOR SWIFTLY CLIMBS ABOARD, AND...
CAN'T HELP IT! IT'S THE ONLY WAY... I'LL GET ANOTHER PILOT TO TAKE THE HELM, AND THEN...
SMACK

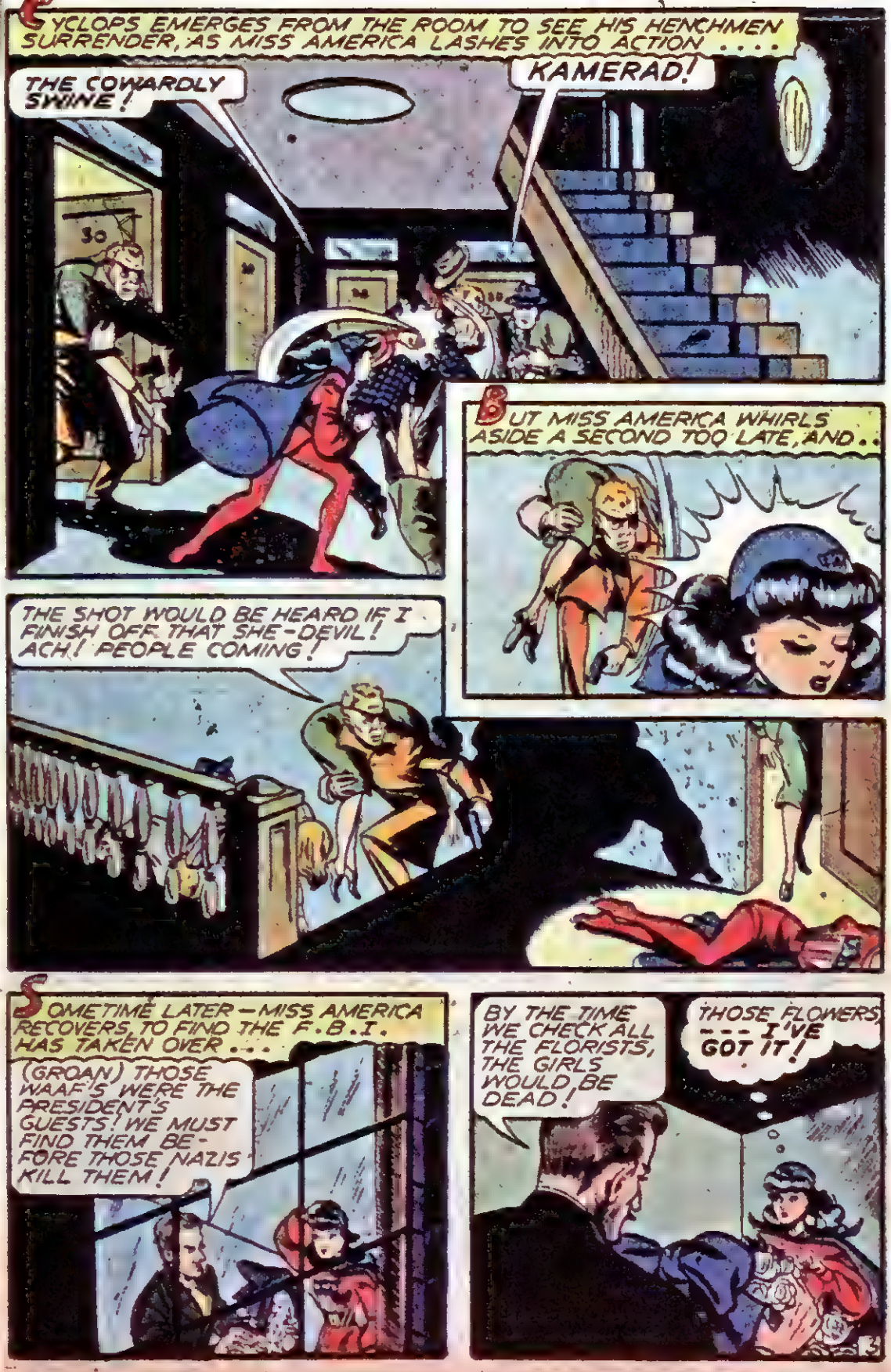

NOW FOR UNFINISHED BUSINESS..
BANG! BANG!
KEEP FIRING! NO-ONE BUT SUBMARINER COULD HAVE TURNED THAT YACHT! HE MUST STILL BE ALIVE!
SUDDENLY—
YOU BET I AM!
OH!
CRASH!
HELP!
...AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM!
SOON AFTER, ON THE YACHT!
HIS DEATH BROKE THE SPELL--AND SPELLED THE END OF ONE OF THE MOST FIENDISH PLOTS I EVER ENCOUNTERED!
I REMEMBER EVERYTHING NOW! SARDU-- I WAS UNDER HIS SPELL!
THE END

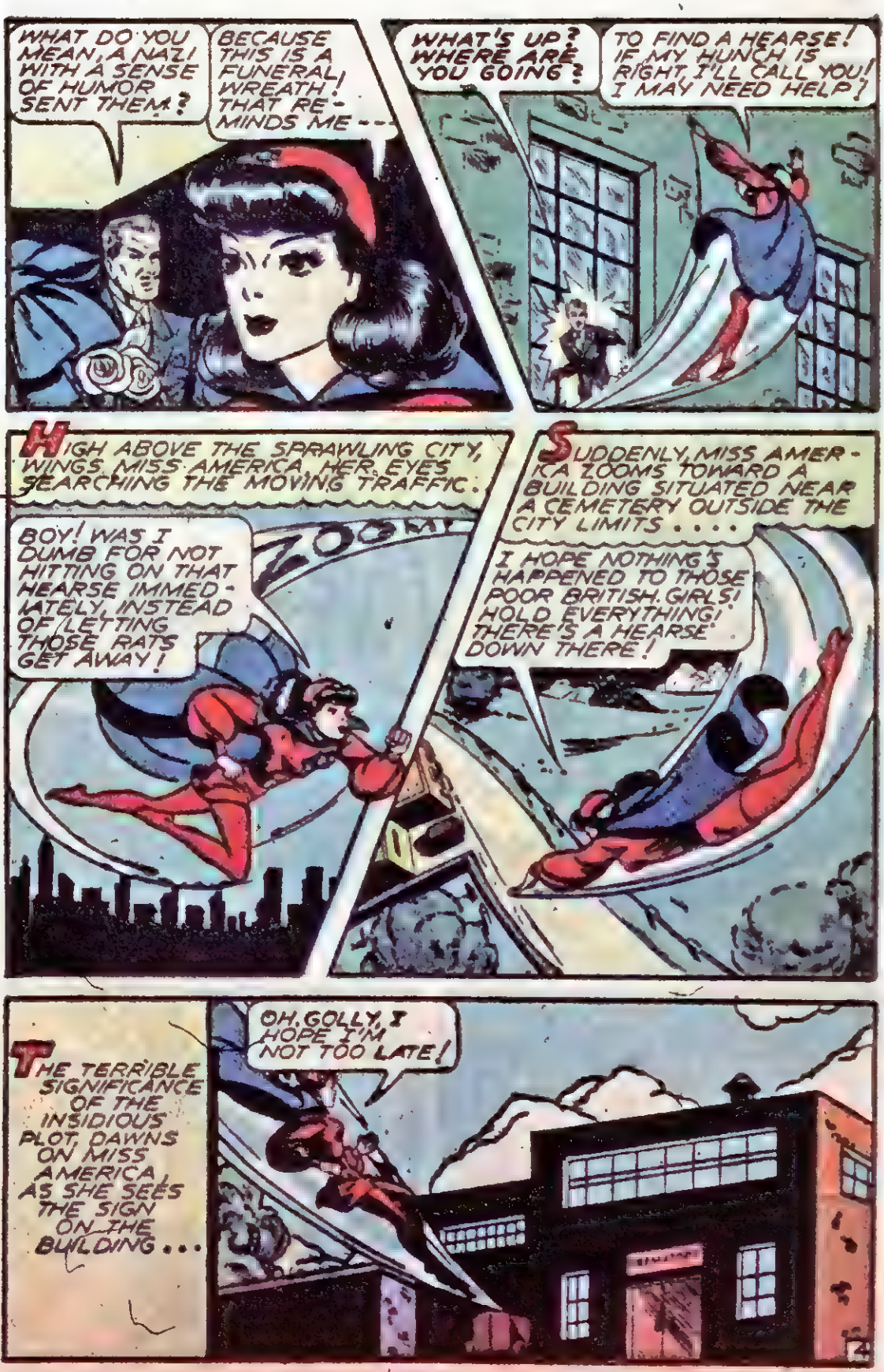
Miss AMERICA
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD! A STIRRING CASE FROM MISS AMERICA'S SECRET CRIME FILES....
HIS EVIL BRAIN WARPED BY A SCARING HATRED FOR THE ALLIED CAUSE, A NAZI AGENT PLOTS A HIDEOUS FATE FOR HIS VICTIMS--FOLLOW MISS AMERICA AS SHE BATTLES WITH THE MADMAN!
"CYCLOPS"
MADELINE JOYCE IS TURNING IN AT HER HOTEL, WHEN SUDDENLY--
I'LL PARK IN BACK OF THE HOTEL, AND GO TO MY ROOM UNTIL UNCLE JIM ARRIVES! WHAT THE ---! ALMOST CRASHED INTO THAT HEARSE!


LATER -- IN BACK OF THE FAMOUS WASHINGTON HOTEL . . .
QUICK! BEFORE THE DRUG EVAPORATES!
AT ONCE, HERR CYCLOPS!
BESIDES STRIKING A BLOW FOR DER FEUHRER, I WILL SETTLE A PERSONAL SCORE AGAINST THE ALLIES FOR WHAT THEY DID TO ME! WE WILL SEE THE AMERICANS SQUIRM WHEN THE ENGLISH VANISH!


THE DEADLY WREATH IS DELIVERED TO FOUR WAAF VISITORS FROM BRITAIN, AS THEY DRESS FOR A RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE, GIVEN IN THEIR HONOR . . .
OH, BEAUTIFUL! THANK YOU!
MM! THEY SMELL HEAVENLY!
WONDER WHO SENT THEM?

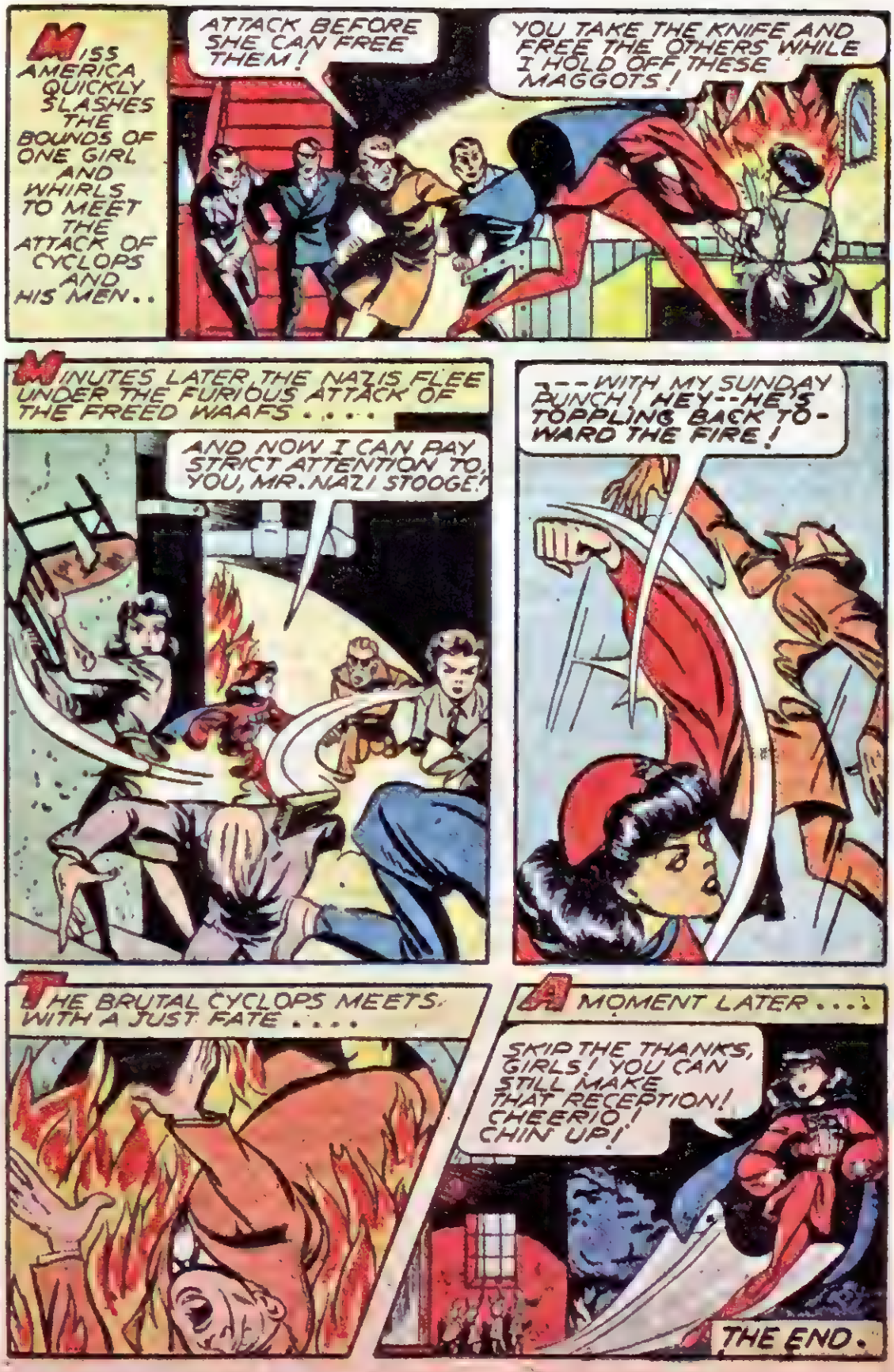

MEANTIME . . AT THE REAR STAIRWAY OF THE HOTEL . . .
THE DRUG HAS TAKEN EFFECT BY NOW! EACH OF YOU WILL CARRY A WAAF DOWNSTAIRS AND INTO THE HEARSE!
BUT, AT THAT MOMENT . .
OH-OH! I DON'T LIKE THIS! I THINK MISS AMERICA WILL LOOK INTO THIS!
I WAS RIGHT! OKAY, YOU RATS! HERE'S WHERE I SPOIL YOUR LITTLE GAME!


CYCLOPS EMERGES FROM THE ROOM TO SEE HIS HENCHMEN SURRENDER, AS MISS AMERICA LASHES INTO ACTION . . . .
THE COWARDLY SWINE!
KAMERAD!
30
BUT MISS AMERICA WHIRLS ASIDE A SECOND TOO LATE, AND . .
THE SHOT WOULD BE HEARD IF I FINISH OFF THAT SHE-DEVIL! ACH! PEOPLE COMING!
SOMETIME LATER — MISS AMERICA RECOVERS TO FIND THE F.B.I. HAS TAKEN OVER . . .
(GROAN) THOSE WAAF'S WERE THE PRESIDENT'S GUESTS! WE MUST FIND THEM BEFORE THOSE NAZIS KILL THEM!
BY THE TIME WE CHECK ALL THE FLORISTS, THE GIRLS WOULD BE DEAD!
THOSE FLOWERS --- I'VE GOT IT!


WHAT DO YOU MEAN, A NAZI WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR SENT THEM?
BECAUSE THIS IS A FUNERAL WREATH! THAT RE-MINDS ME---
WHAT'S UP? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO FIND A HEARSE! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I'LL CALL YOU! I MAY NEED HELP!
HIGH ABOVE THE SPRAWLING CITY, WINGS MISS AMERICA, HER EYES SEARCHING THE MOVING TRAFFIC.
ZOOM!
BOY! WAS I DUMB FOR NOT HITTING ON THAT HEARSE IMMEDIATELY, INSTEAD OF LETTING THOSE RATS GET AWAY!
SUDDENLY, MISS AMERICA ZOOMS TOWARD A BUILDING SITUATED NEAR A CEMETERY OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS....
I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO THOSE POOR BRITISH GIRLS! HOLD EVERYTHING! THERE'S A HEARSE DOWN THERE!
THE TERRIBLE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INSIDIOUS PLOT DAWNS ON MISS AMERICA AS SHE SEES THE SIGN ON THE BUILDING...
OH, GOLLY, I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

MEANWHILE--IN THE FURNACE ROOM OF THE CREMATORY, THE HELPLESS WAAFS WATCH THE RUTHLESS CYCLOPS METE OUT PUNISHMENT TO HIS OWN MEN . . . .
AWAY, YOU SNIVELING COWARDS! YOU MUST PAY FOR SURRENDERING TO MISS AMERICA! INTO THE FIRE! THE BRITISH FRAULEINS WILL HAVE A PREVIEW OF WHAT AWAITS THEM!
MERCY! I BEG YOU!
THE DOOR OF THE ROARING FURNACE CLOSES ON THE SHRIEKS OF THE DOOMED NAZIS . . . .
NO! NO!
LOOK! HA! HA! HA! HEAR THE CRACKLE OF THE FLAMES? SOON YOU WILL FEEL THAT SEARING BLAZE! INTO THE FIRE!
BUT JUST AS THE FIRST OF THE DOOMED WAAFS IS ABOUT TO REACH THE HUNGRY FLAMES, THE DOOR AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS GIVES WAY, AND —
MADE IT!
MISS AMERICA!

INTO THE FIRE WITH THEM! I'LL HOLD HER OFF!
YOW! I'VE GOT TO DODGE HIS BULLETS TO STOP THESE RATS — GOT TO RISK IT!
MISS AMERICA DIVES STRAIGHT THRU THE MURDEROUS HAIL OF LEAD TOWARD THE COFFINS ABOUT TO GO INTO THE FURNACE . . . .
KRAO
YOW! INCHES MORE AND I'D HAVE BEEN TOO LATE! OH-OH! LOOK, WHO'S HERE!
I WILL KILL HER BE-FORE SHE CAN REGAIN HER FEET!
HA! NOW I HAVE YOU AT MY MERCY! O-O-F-F!
TSK! TSK! SO SOLLY, AS YOUR AXIS PARTNER WOULD SAY!


MISS AMERICA QUICKLY SLASHES THE BOUNDS OF ONE GIRL AND WHIRLS TO MEET THE ATTACK OF CYCLOPS AND HIS MEN..
ATTACK BEFORE SHE CAN FREE THEM!
YOU TAKE THE KNIFE AND FREE THE OTHERS WHILE I HOLD OFF THESE MAGGOTS!
MINUTES LATER THE NAZIS FLEE UNDER THE FURIOUS ATTACK OF THE FREED WAAFS . . . .
AND NOW I CAN PAY STRICT ATTENTION TO YOU, MR. NAZI STOOGE!
--WITH MY SUNDAY PUNCH! HEY--HE'S TOPPLING BACK TOWARD THE FIRE!
THE BRUTAL CYCLOPS MEETS WITH A JUST FATE . . . .
A MOMENT LATER . . . .
SKIP THE THANKS, GIRLS! YOU CAN STILL MAKE THAT RECEPTION! CHEERIO! CHIN UP!
THE END.

JUNKYARD JALOPY

WILKINS sure did a job on that, didn't he, Red?" Speed Gaither said, turning to his partner-mechanic, Red O'Rourke. "Think you can fix it up?"

"You may as well forget this ever was a racing car, Speed," Red answered, swinging a foot at the mess. "When Wilkins ran you over the wall at Cedarville, he wrecked the car worse than he did you, and that was plenty! We'll have to figure some way to get another one if you're going to burn rubber against Wilkins again!"

The two partners were looking at what was left of Speed Gaither's old racing-heap, parked in a shed where they had left it to go to war. It was a mess, a shapeless mass of twisted steel. Speed looked at it, remembered when it had been a sleek, shining meteor roaring around the circuit, taking more than its share of prize money. That was until "Smiley" Wilkins, the dirtiest driver on the circuit, had pulled the stunt that put Speed in the hospital. For three years, Speed had nursed a resolve to avenge that, but it was impossible without a car.

"We'll get a heap some way!" Speed growled.

"Yeah, but how?" Red wailed. "We don't have much solid cash!"

"That's right but . . . Say!" said Speed excitedly. "Do you remember that Army graveyard outside of town? The place where they have the wrecks piled a mile high? Well, listen . . ."

That afternoon, Speed and Red stood in the local Army depot for wrecked, discarded vehicles. Every type of car, half-truck and truck jammed it to capacity. Red looked around, eyes gleaming

"Look at that jeep there!" Red urged. "The rear end is wrapped up but we can get a good motor out of it! And there's one over there that ought to have a good transmission! We'll get the best midget car on the track!"

"You'll have to soup it up some," Speed said, "but we've done that before. It's a deal! Let's find the guy that runs this joint."

Two weeks later, Speed whistled as he made the final adjustment on the carburetor and gave it a loving pat.

"She's all set here, Red!" announced Speed jubilantly. "How're you doing?"

"I'm all ready for you!" answered the mechanic. "Let's set 'er in and crank it up. We'll see how it sounds."

Speed hooked it up to the chain-hoist and between him and Red they set the motor on the mount. Red crawled underneath and tightened the engine bolts.

"That's it, Speed. It's up to you now!" he said, sticking his head out with a grease-smeared smile.

Speed lowered his bulk into the snug-fitting cockpit and Red pushed him off. Speed let in the clutch and the engine caught with a growl. He picked up momentum and headed for the track nearby. As he swung in the gate, he saw Wilkins' car roaring around the oval. Speed parked on the apron and waited for Wilkins to come in.

"Well, well, I see the hero's returned!" sneered Smiley. "Yuh gonna clutter up the track again, has-been? It's more likely you'll take another trip over the wall!"

"I'm back, and to stay, Wilkins!" Speed spat. "But you're washed up on this circuit!"

"Me washed up? Yuh never saw the day

yuh belonged on the same track with me, chump!" snarled Wilkins.

Speed let out his clutch and wheeled out on the track. She sure is a sweetheart, he thought exultantly. Fast, easy handling, and she sure holds the ground on turns. Speed was well-satisfied when he rolled onto the apron by the pits.

The day of the big race found Speed making last minute adjustments on his junkyard jalopy. He looked up and whistled when he saw the size of the crowd. They came looking for blood and Speed thought sardonically that they were likely to get it.

"You'd better keep that baby-buggy out of the way of the real cars today, Speed!" Wilkins yelled with his usual leer. "If you don't, you'll be robbing the junkyards again tomorrow!"

"Just keep an eye on this baby-buggy, Smiley!" Speed came back. "That sneer is going to be wiped out pronto!"

The public announcing system blared out the drivers for the next race and Speed climbed behind the big wheel. He rolled out on the track and Speed joined the other drivers maneuvering for the start. They came down the straightway perfectly lined up and the judge gave them the starting flag. Speed found himself in third place as they went into the first turn, but coming out of the turn he swung behind Wilkins' maroon job.

Wilkins held his lead for four laps, roaring in and out of every turn wide open. Speed clung to his tail all the way, waiting for a break. Wilkins drove like a maniac, but each time he looked over his shoulder there was Speed's chunky, junkheap boring through the dust.

Wilkins, worried by his tenacity, went roaring down the straightaway in front of the stand, and, without cutting his speed, into the turn. He cramped the wheel far over but the maroon car climbed higher despite his efforts. He fought the skid, but when he came down out of the turn he found himself alongside Speed's buggy.

Speed had stuck closely all the way and smiled grimly as Wilkins roared into the turn. This was it! This was the mistake he knew the prize-hungry driver would make under pressure. He hit the brake, and clinging to the rail, came out of the turn inside of the maroon car. He looked over at Wilkins and smiled grimly. He had him now.

Wilkins must have thought so too as he edged closer and closer to Speed's roaring midget. The hubs touched and Speed's car swerved, then touched again. Speed hugged the wheel in a desperate grip as Wilkins tried to force him into the rail. His car swerved out of line and he yanked hard on the wheel to keep it off the rail. As he did so, his front wheel hit Smiley's and the maroon midget rocketed across the track into the baled hay placed there for that purpose. Speed nursed his job through the turn and down the straightaway. He roared down the track in front of the stands, and as he crossed the finish line, the judge gave him the checkered flag. There was a roar from the stands as Speed's front wheel, weakened by the crackup with Wilkins' car, rolled across the track. Speed spun but finally brought the midget to a halt. He walked back to the finish line to get the cash and congratulations.

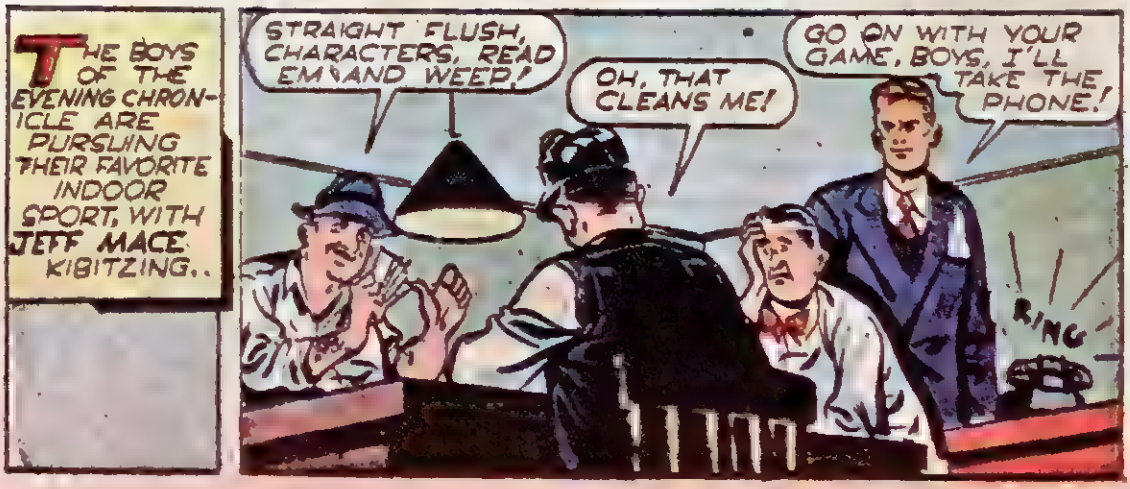
"It was a well-driven race, young fellow, and I'm glad to see you back on the circuit!" boomed the judge. "Wilkins will probably claim a foul but I saw the whole mess and he got only what he deserved! Where'd you ever learn to drive like that?"

"Wilkins is a good driver," replied Speed, "but next time he tries any of his tricks, he'd better make sure that he's not racing against an ex-tank-driver!"

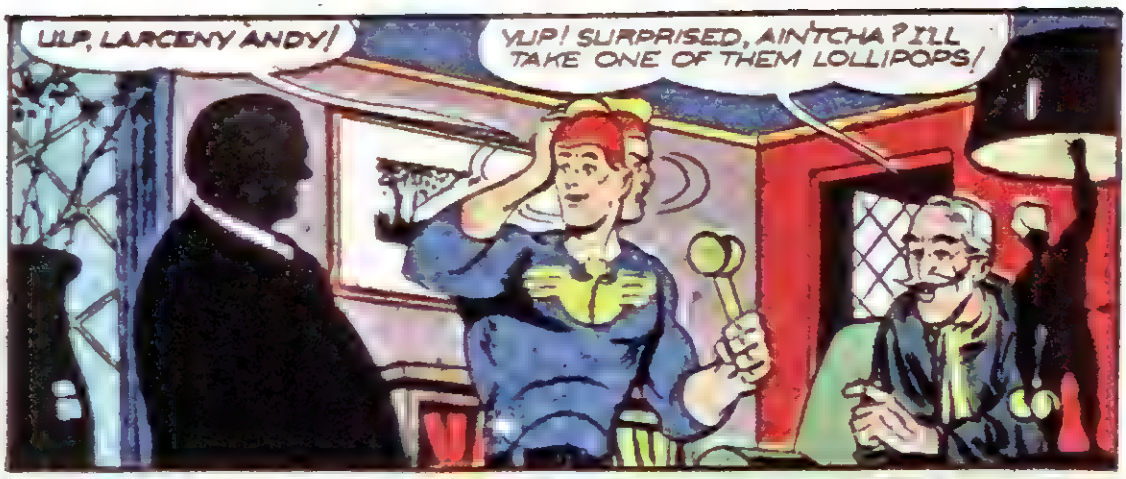
THE END

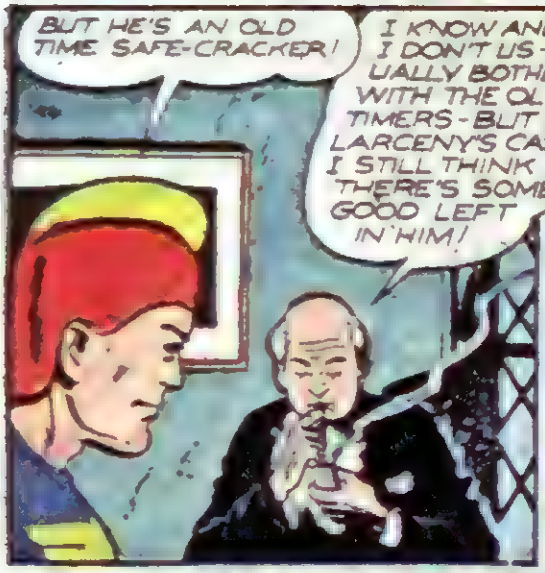
A THREE TIME LOSER WAS **LARCENY ANDY**, WITH MORE YEARS BEHIND BARS TO HIS CREDIT THAN FREE ONES OUTSIDE! A CLOWN TO THE UNDERWORLD, A HEADACHE TO THE POLICE, LARCENY ANDY WAS TRULY AN INCORRIGIBLE! BUT, THERE COMES A DAY WHEN ANDY FINDS HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH THE STATE PENITENTIARY AND THEN LIFE BECOMES COMPLICATED, BECAUSE LARCENY TRIES TO KEEP ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE LAW WHILE THE **PATRIOT** TRIES TO KEEP STEP WITH THE OLD BOY AND CONVINCE HIM THAT IT IS HIGH TIME FOR

"A FAREWELL TO LARCENY"


THE BOYS OF THE EVENING CHRONICLE ARE PURSUING THEIR FAVORITE INDOOR SPORT, WITH JEFF MACE KIBITZING..
STRAIGHT FLUSH, CHARACTERS, READ EM AND WEEP!
OH, THAT CLEANS ME!
GO ON WITH YOUR GAME, BOYS, I'LL TAKE THE PHONE!
RING

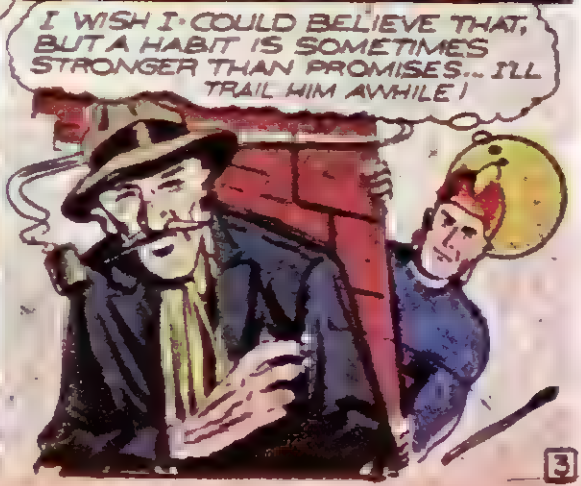
HELLO, JEFF! JUDGE BRANDON SPEAKING - DO ME A FAVOR, WILL YOU? I'VE GOT AN INCORRIGIBLE HERE WITH ME, AND UNDER THE BAUMES LAW HE'S DUE FOR A LIFE SENTENCE. I WANT TO SAVE HIM THAT BY PAROLING HIM INTO THE CUSTODY OF SOMEONE ELSE...
MIGHT REFORM HIM!
I SEE ... AND YOU WANT ME TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE PATRIOT? OKAY!
IF THAT ISN'T TYPICAL OF JUDGE BRANDON! HARD AS NAILS WITH THE OLD TIMERS, BUT OUT TO SAVE THE KIDS EVERY TIME. I'D BE GLAD TO PITCH IN AND HELP HIM, BUT JEFF MACE, REPORTER, DOESN'T CARRY MUCH WEIGHT ...
WHEREAS THE PATRIOT MIGHT!
DIRK DALY CHIEF CITY DESK - IST
PRESS ROOM 8 M.R.
JEFF MACE 1ST FLOOR
EDITORIAL DEPT
DRAMA DEPT 5 M.R.
RADIO DEPT 8 M.R.
LOVELOAN ... 1ST
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE PATRIOT ARRIVES AT THE JUDGE'S CHAMBERS
HELLO, JUDGE!
THANKS FOR COMING, PATRIOT! SAY! WHO ARE THE LOLLIPOPS FOR?
MY CHARGE! IN DEALING WITH DELINQUENTS SOMETIMES A LITTLE CANDY WILL TOUCH OFF FRIENDSHIP IN A CHILD.
CHILD? HO! HO! THERE'S YOUR CHILD, PATRIOT!


ULP, LARCENY ANDY!
YUP! SURPRISED, AIN'TCHA? I'LL TAKE ONE OF THEM LOLLIPOPS!


BUT HE'S AN OLD TIME SAFE-CRACKER!
I KNOW AND I DON'T USUALLY BOTHER WITH THE OLD-TIMERS - BUT IN LARCENY'S CASE I STILL THINK THERE'S SOME GOOD LEFT IN HIM!

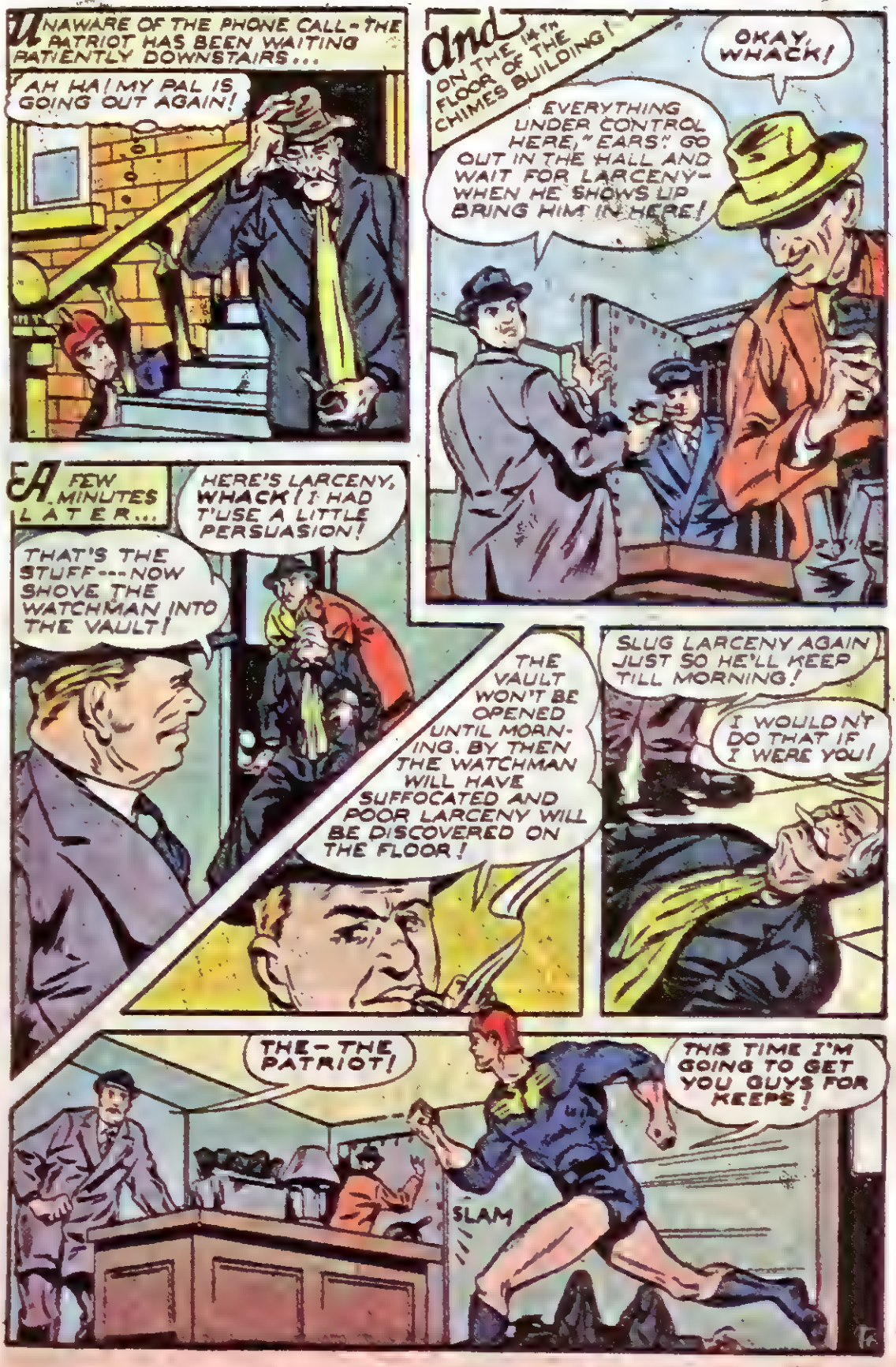
I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'LL GET A JOB. I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU NOW, BUT I'LL DROP AROUND YOUR PLACE EVERY COUPLE OF DAYS!
YUH WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME!
COURT HOUSE

THE PATRIOT AND LARCENY LEAVE JUDGE BRANDON'S CHAMBERS...
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN FOR YOU, BUT NEXT TIME YOU GET IN TROUBLE, YOU'LL GET LIFE IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY!
I KNOW (SIGH). I'VE TRIED TO REFORM, MR. PATRIOT, BUT NOBODY WILL GIVE AN OL' CROOK LIKE ME A JOB! BESIDES, THERE AIN'T ANYTHIN' I CAN DO BESIDES CROOKIN'!


I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT, BUT A HABIT IS SOMETIMES STRONGER THAN PROMISES... I'LL TRAIL HIM AWHILE!

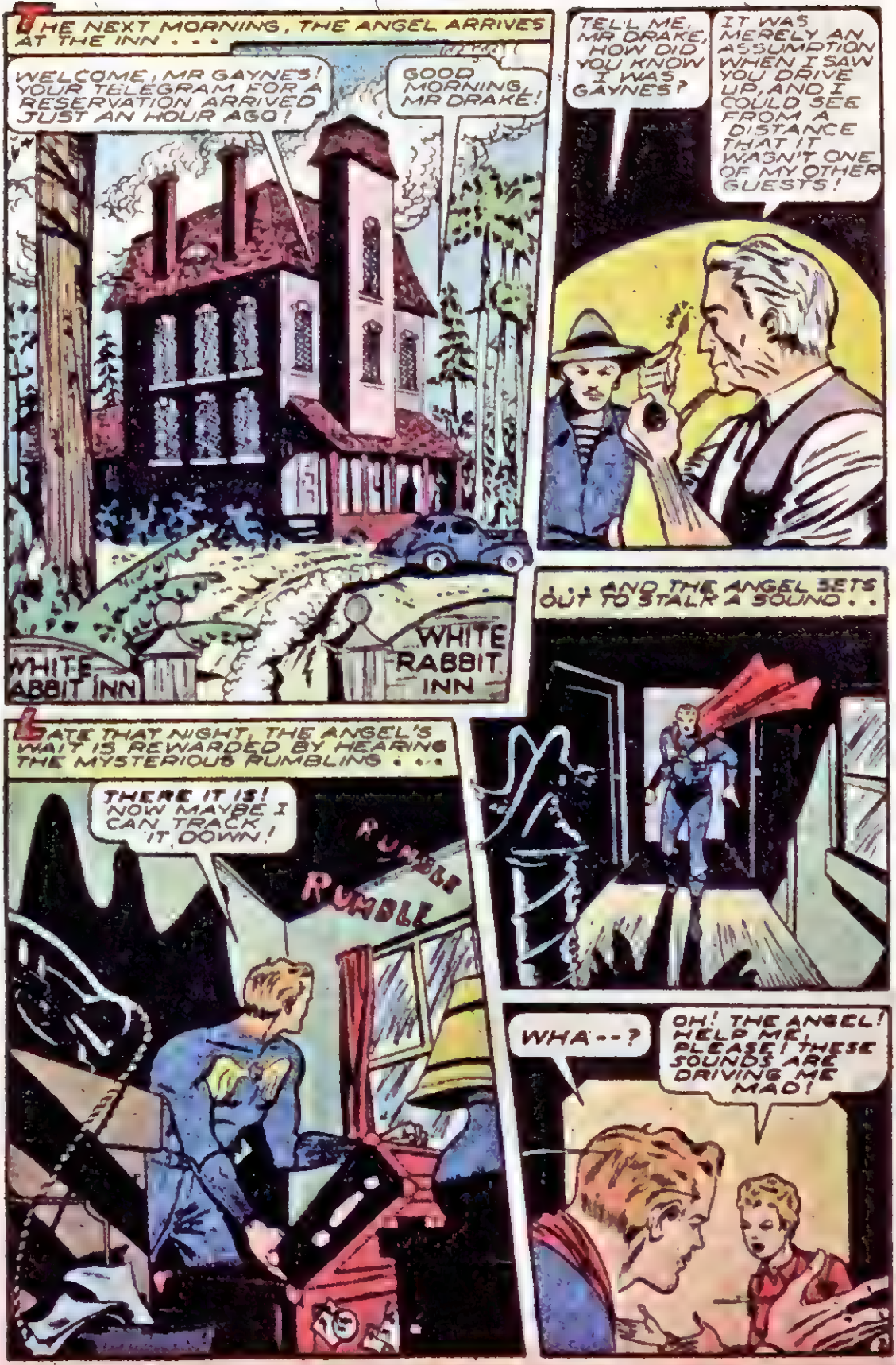
BUT THE PATRIOT ISN'T THE ONLY ONE INTERESTED IN LARCENY ANDY, FOR JUST AROUND THE CORNER...
HERE COMES DA DOUBLE-CROSSER... THINK OF IT—AFTER NEARLY SIXTY YEARS IN DA RACKET, HE'S GONNA LET THE PATRIOT RE-FORM HIM!
HOW'RE WE GONNA STOP 'IM, WHACK?
SIMPLE, "EARS!" WE'LL FRAME HIM ON A PICK POCKET JOB— WHEN HE PASSES, I'LL CLAIM HE SNATCHED MY WATCH AND LET OUT A SQUAWK! WHEN THE COPS COME, PLANT YOUR TICKER ON HIM!
The PLAN IS CARRIED OUT---
ULP! MY WATCH IS GONE... HELP! POLICE!
HE STOLE IT— I SAW HIM!
HOLD 'IM FER THE COPS!
I SAW THAT FRAME!
THE PATRIOT!
EVER HEAR OF THE "HANDS OFF POLICY?
NOW, TO GET AT THE OTHER GUY... OOPS!
4

GOOD GRIEF! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
GOSH, THAT WAS MY FAULT. I WAS TRYIN' TO GET AT "WHACK!"
FORGET IT, LARCENY... AND SO LONG! I'LL SEE YOU IN A COUPLE OF DAYS!
I WONDER IF LARCENY REALLY TRIED TO COVER THEIR GETAWAY? I'D BETTER TAIL HIM A LITTLE FURTHER AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
MEANWHILE, WHACK AND EARS HAVE REACHED THEIR HIDEOUT...
NOW WHAT, BRIGHT EYES?
THIS TIME WE'RE GONNA FRAME LARCENY FOR THE JOB WE'RE PULLIN' TONIGHT. WE'LL KNOCK HIM COLD WHEN WE PULL OUT!
HOW YOU GONNA GET HIM OVER TO THE JOB?
I'LL POSE AS THE PATRIOT... SHH! I GOT LARCENY ON THE PHONE NOW!
LARCENY? PATRIOT SPEAKING!
YUH WANT TO SEE ME? OKAY, MR. PATRIOT. FOURTEENTH FLOOR OF THE CHIMES BUILDING... RIGHT? RIGHT! BYE!


UNAWARE OF THE PHONE CALL - THE PATRIOT HAS BEEN WAITING PATIENTLY DOWNSTAIRS...
AH HA! MY PAL IS GOING OUT AGAIN!
AND ON THE 14TH FLOOR OF THE CHIMES BUILDING!
OKAY, WHACK!
EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL HERE, "EARS"! GO OUT IN THE HALL AND WAIT FOR LARCENY - WHEN HE SHOWS UP BRING HIM IN HERE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HERE'S LARCENY, WHACK! I HAD T'USE A LITTLE PERSUASION!
THAT'S THE STUFF --- NOW SHOVE THE WATCHMAN INTO THE VAULT!
THE VAULT WON'T BE OPENED UNTIL MORNING. BY THEN THE WATCHMAN WILL HAVE SUFFOCATED AND POOR LARCENY WILL BE DISCOVERED ON THE FLOOR!
SLUG LARCENY AGAIN JUST SO HE'LL KEEP TILL MORNING!
I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU!
THE - THE PATRIOT!
SLAM
THIS TIME I'M GOING TO GET YOU GUYS FOR KEEPS!

A FAST AND FURIOUS BATTLE FOLLOWS, BUT THE TWO THUGS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE PATRIOT!
HELLO, POLICE, PATRIOT SPEAKING! I'VE GOT "WHACK" WHALEN AND "EARS" MALONE HERE IN THE CHIMES BUILDING! BRING A SAFE EXPERT WITH YOU SINCE THERE'S A VAULT HERE WHICH IS LIABLE TO TURN INTO A DEATH CHAMBER FOR THE NIGHT WATCHMAN!
MINUTES LATER, THE POLICE ARRIVE WITH A LOCK EXPERT FROM THE SAFE COMPANY..
OH! MY HEAD!
HOW'S IT COMING, MISTER?
IT ISN'T! HE'S DOOMED! NO LOCK EXPERT CAN GET HIM OUT IN TIME!
YEAH? WELL I KIN GET HIM OUT IN TIME, ALIVE! MOVE OUT, BUTTER FINGERS!
DERE YOU ARE! JUST AS SIMPLE AS TWO TIMES TWO IS -- ER -- FIVE!
AMAZING, MY COMPANY WOULD PAY PLENTY FOR A MAN OF YOUR ABILITY!
THANKS TO YOU, LARCENY, THE WATCHMAN IS SAFE!
AN' THANKS TO YOU, I'M SAFE AND ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW, NOT TO MENTION MY NEW JOB!
MY SENTIMENTS, TOO, ANDY!
The End

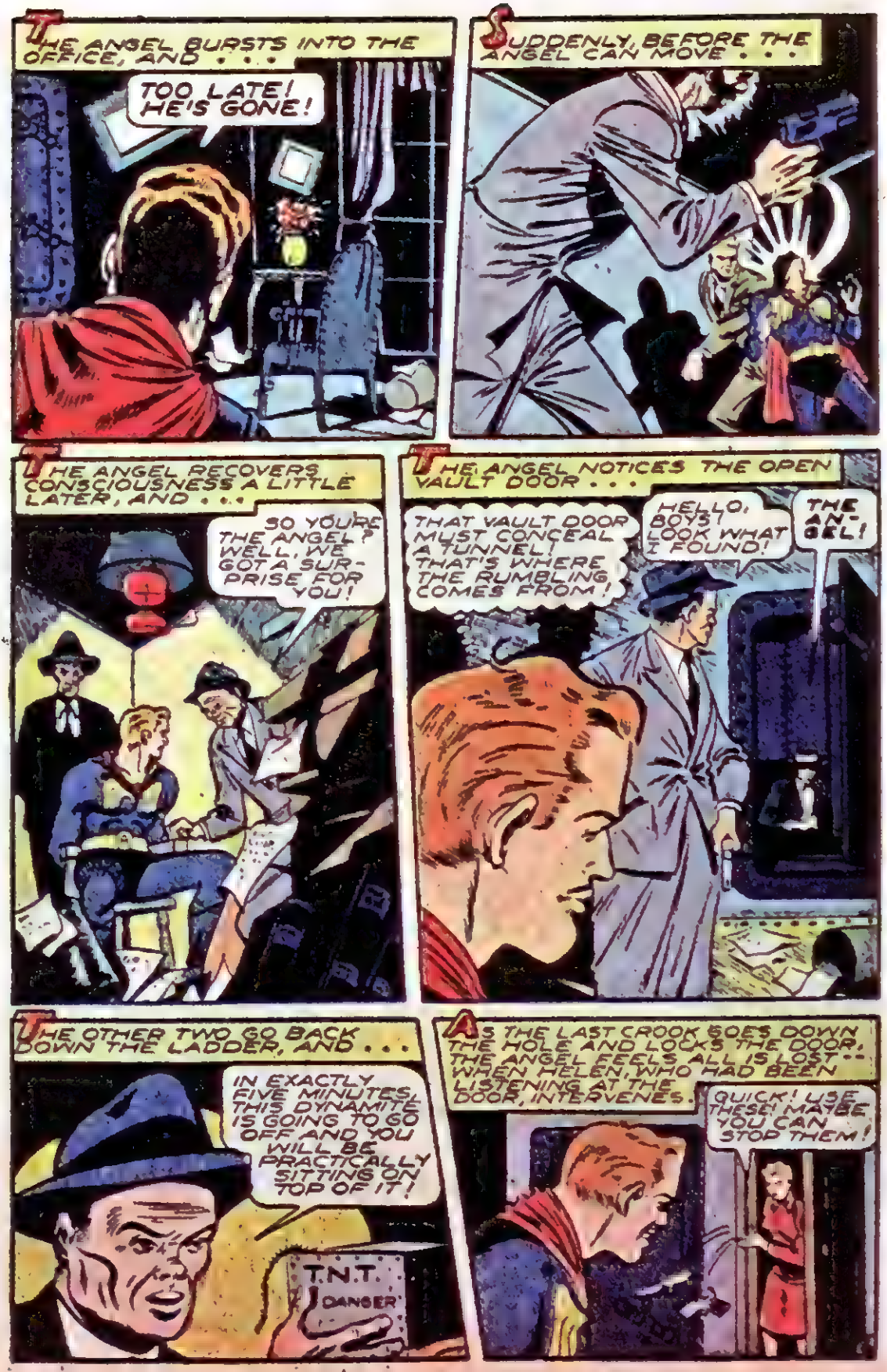
THE ANGEL
A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LEADS THE ANGEL INTO MYSTERY, INTRIGUE AND ATTEMPTED MURDER IN "THE ADVENTURE AT THE WHITE RABBIT INN" . . .
ONE DAY WHILE TAKING A BUS RIDE, THE ANGEL OVERHEARS A STRANGE CONVERSATION . . .
JANE, IT'S HORRIBLE! EVERY NIGHT THAT AWFUL RUMBLING! I'M GOING OUT OF MY MIND AND I CAN'T DISCOVER WHAT IT IS!
EVER SINCE YOUR UNCLE BOUGHT THE WHITE RABBIT INN, HELEN, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME! I'M WORRIED FOR YOU!
LATER, THE ANGEL GETS OFF THE BUS . . .
THAT GIRL IS GENUINELY FRIGHTENED! I THINK I'LL SPEND A FEW NIGHTS AT THE WHITE RABBIT INN AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

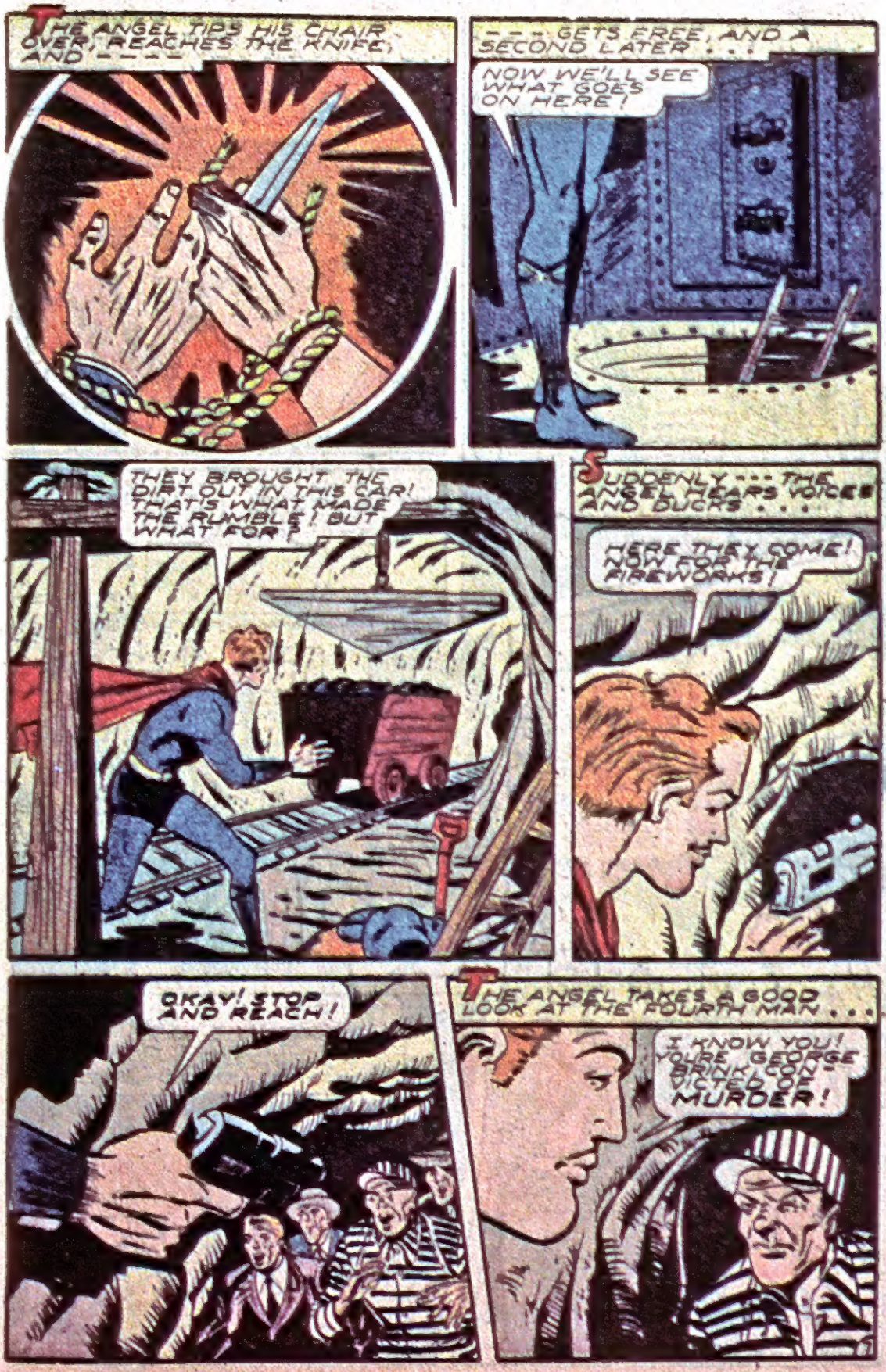

THE NEXT MORNING, THE ANGEL ARRIVES AT THE INN . . .
WELCOME, MR GAYNES! YOUR TELEGRAM FOR A RESERVATION ARRIVED JUST AN HOUR AGO!
GOOD MORNING, MR DRAKE!
WHITE RABBIT INN
WHITE RABBIT INN
TELL ME, MR DRAKE, HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS GAYNES?
IT WAS MERELY AN ASSUMPTION WHEN I SAW YOU DRIVE UP, AND I COULD SEE FROM A DISTANCE THAT IT WASN'T ONE OF MY OTHER GUESTS!
AND THE ANGEL SETS OUT TO STALK A SOUND . .
LATE THAT NIGHT, THE ANGEL'S WAIT IS REWARDED BY HEARING THE MYSTERIOUS RUMBLING . . .
THERE IT IS! NOW MAYBE I CAN TRACK IT DOWN!
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
WHA--?
OH! THE ANGEL! HELP ME PLEASE! THESE SOUNDS ARE DRIVING ME MAD!

HELEN AND THE ANGEL SEARCH THE LOWER FLOOR OF THE INN, BUT -
NOT A THING AND WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY CORNER!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THERE'S NO SUB-CELLAR, BUT THE SOUND COMES FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR!
JUST DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS, WHATEVER IT IS! I WON'T STOP UNTIL I FIND THE CAUSE OF IT!
I KNOW YOU WILL! IT MAKES ME FEEL SO MUCH SAFER TO KNOW YOU'RE HERE!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT BREAKFAST, THE ANGEL SEES THE OTHER THREE GUESTS . . .
HMM . . ROUGH-LOOKING BOYS! WONDER WHAT BUSINESS THEY HAVE UP HERE? OH-OH! ONE OF THEM'S GETTING UP!
ONE OF THE MEN COMES OVER TO THE ANGEL'S TABLE, AND - - -
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG YOU PLAN TO BE AROUND HERE . . BUT AS FRIENDLY ADVICE, THE AIR AROUND HERE IS TERRIBLE FOR THE HEALTH! THE QUICKER YOU LEAVE, THE BETTER YOU'LL FEEL!
NICE OF YOU TO TELL ME, BUT I HAVE A HABIT OF STAYING HEALTHY, NO MATTER WHAT THE CLIMATE!
THE ANGEL DECIDES TO TAKE A WALK NEAR THE INN, TO PASS TIME UNTIL THAT EVENING . . .
THAT WARNING WAS PLAIN ENOUGH!

AFTER A FEW MINUTES WALK, THE ANGEL CLIMBS A HILL NEAR THE INN AND SEES — — —
STATE PRISON! I WONDER - -
THE ANGEL IS ABOUT TO GO BACK TO THE INN . . .
HELLO! TAKING A WALK I SEE!
YES -- YOU TOO?
THE ANGEL GOES BACK TO THE INN . . .
BOY! HE'S IN A HURRY!
IN A WAY, I THOUGHT I'D BRING THE SHOT-GUN ALONG BE-CAUSE I HEAR THEY HAVE SOME VERY LARGE RAB-BITS IN THESE PARTS!
GUESS I'M THE LARGE RABBIT!
I HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD HUNTING!
THE ANGEL GOES DOWN-STAIRS IN THE DARK-NESS, DECIDES TO INVES-TIGATE THE OFFICE AND FINDS IT LOCK-ED..
THIS LOCK IS EASY TO PICK! I HOPE I FIND SOME SORT OF LEAD IN THIS OFFICE!
THAT NIGHT, AFTER AN UN-EVENTFUL AFTERNOON, THE RUMBLING BEGINS . . .
THERE IT IS NOW AND THIS TIME I'M GOING TO FIND IT!
RUMBLE
RUMBLE

THE ANGEL OPENS THE DOOR, AND-
WELL, I'LL BE --! THE LITTLE MAN IN A HURRY!
UMM-- UMM!
ANGEL TAKES OFF THE MAN'S GAG, AND . . .
OH THANK YOU! IF YOU HURRY AND GO DOWN THE ROAD TO THE FIRST SHACK, YOU'LL FIND SOMEBODY THERE WHO CAN CLEAR THIS UP!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE A CHANCE! BUT YOU'RE STAYING HERE TIED UP, UNTIL I GET BACK - JUST IN CASE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER . . .
THERE'S THE SHACK! I WONDER WHOM I'LL FIND THERE?
SUDDENLY . .
JUST ME AND BETSY, SUCKER HA! HA!
MINUTES LATER --- THE ANGEL RECOVERS AND SWIFTLY HEADS BACK TO THE INN . . .
THAT WAS A NEAT FRAME-UP, I HOPE I CAN GET BACK TO THAT LITTLE SHRIMP BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!


THE ANGEL BURSTS INTO THE OFFICE, AND . . .
TOO LATE! HE'S GONE!
SUDDENLY, BEFORE THE ANGEL CAN MOVE . . .
THE ANGEL RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS A LITTLE LATER, AND . . .
SO YOU'RE THE ANGEL? WELL, WE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
THE ANGEL NOTICES THE OPEN VAULT DOOR . . .
THAT VAULT DOOR MUST CONCEAL A TUNNEL! THAT'S WHERE THE RUMBLING COMES FROM!
HELLO, BOYS! LOOK WHAT I FOUND!
THE AN-GEL!
THE OTHER TWO GO BACK DOWN THE LADDER, AND . . .
IN EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES, THIS DYNAMITE IS GOING TO GO OFF AND YOU WILL BE PRACTICALLY SITTING ON TOP OF IT!
T.N.T.
DANGER
AS THE LAST CROOK GOES DOWN THE HOLE AND LOCKS THE DOOR, THE ANGEL FEELS ALL IS LOST . . . WHEN HELEN, WHO HAD BEEN LISTENING AT THE DOOR, INTERVENES.
QUICK! USE THESE! MAYBE YOU CAN STOP THEM!


THE ANGEL TIPS HIS CHAIR OVER, REACHES THE KNIFE, AND - - - -
- - - GETS FREE, AND A SECOND LATER . . .
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT GOES ON HERE!
THEY BROUGHT THE DIRT OUT IN THIS CAR! THAT'S WHAT MADE THE RUMBLE! BUT WHAT FOR?
SUDDENLY - - - THE ANGEL HEARS VOICES AND DUCKS . . .
HERE THEY COME! NOW FOR THE FIREWORKS!
OKAY! STOP AND REACH!
THE ANGEL TAKES A GOOD LOOK AT THE FOURTH MAN . . .
I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE GEORGE BRINKLEY CONVICTED OF MURDER!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE HAD TO THREATEN DRAKE'S LIFE SO HE WOULDN'T SQUEAL, AND USED THIS INN AS A STARTING POINT, AND THEN YOU CAME ALONG!
. . . AND YOU TRIED TO TRAP ME TONIGHT BY TYING UP THAT FRIEND OF YOURS --- THEN HOPING I'D GO ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE, WHICH I DID!
RIGHT AGAIN!
THE ANGEL BRINGS THE CRIMINALS UPSTAIRS . . .
ANGEL, I'VE CALLED THE POLICE! WHAT'S THE LADDER IN THE VAULT FOR?
THAT LEADS TO A TUNNEL TO STATE PRISON AND THE NOISE YOU HEARD WAS THESE PIRATES RUNNING A MINE CAR DOWN THERE!
. . . AND THEY WERE TRYING TO GET BRINK OUT!
YOU'VE DISCOVERED THEM, THANK THE LORD!
YOU CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF TURNING THEM OVER TO THE POLICE, MR. DRAKE! MY WORK HERE IS FINISHED! GOOD-BYE!
THE END

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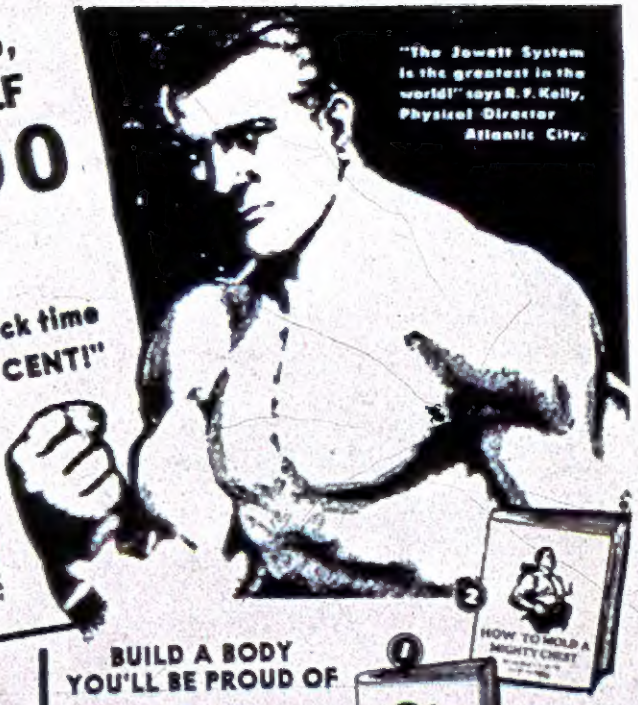

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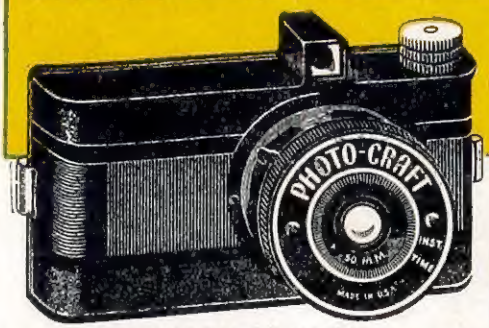

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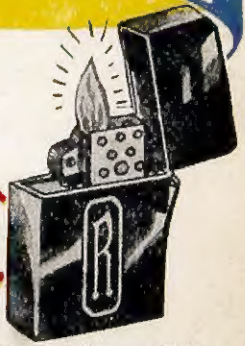

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